

Sports Illustrated

A watercolor illustration of a football player in a green jersey, seen from the side, with a tree trunk on the left.

OCTOBER 8, 1982 25 CENTS

FOOTBALL'S BEST HANDS

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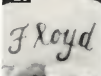
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Admission to the course is free.

Next week

THE WORLD SERIES got on a coast-to-coast basis for the first time as the Yankees fight to keep baseball's championship in The Bronx. Roy Terrell and Tom Brody report.

TOWERING QUARTERBACK Sonny Gibbs surprises his followers as much with his talk as with passes. John Underwood tells about the TCU giant and the best of his contemporaries.

THE GAME WARDEN patrols the woods and streams with equal consideration for the sportsmen and the game they seek. A look at a dedicated corps by Barbara Heilman

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SCORECARD

HARD SELL

In an age largely dominated by Madison Avenue's image makers, it is hardly surprising that the humdrum, numerical terminology of the football practice field has given way to the persuasive nomenclature of modern merchandising. What football fan in his right mind, for instance, would pay to see a coach send in his "third team" when, for the same money, he could watch Paul Dietzel's Chinese Bandits swarm out? It would be like deliberately asking for Brand X. Tom Nugent of Maryland calls his first, second and third teams the M-squad, the Hustlers and the Gangbusters. Marvin Bass at South Carolina has the Warhorses, the Bushwhackers and the Stoosies. But the coach who has conjured up the most vivid image of the football player (for football players, anyway) is none of these. He is Jake Gaither of Florida A&M (unbeaten last year) who calls the three teams on his 60-man squad Blood, Sweat and Tears.

IF YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM...

Sports news crowded its way onto the front pages of America's newspapers so often last week (the heavyweight fight, the America's Cup, football's first full weekend, the race for the World Series) that some newsmen covering more austere activities became exasperated.

New York Times Political Columnist James Reston, in California to measure the public pulse in the race for governor, despairingly concluded that all hearts were beating over another race: "When a political reporter asks around here who's going to win," Reston writes, "the answer is invariably 'the Dodgers.'" Maybe Scotty will take heart from the announcement of Red Kelly of Toronto, the National Hockey League's great playmaking center, that he plans to give equal time to hockey and his new job—Member of Parliament for York West.

SURE THING

Last week in Milwaukee a federal district judge ruled that betting on a sure thing was not gambling and did not violate

the antgambling laws. Thus were sprung three naughty young horseplayers who had a good thing going for them before they got caught and indicted by a grand jury. The three had set up a two-way radio between Oaklawn Race Track in Hot Springs, Arkansas and Milwaukee and were placing bets before the bookies got the race results.

"However nefarious, the scheme did not violate the element of chance," said Judge Kenneth P. Grubb.

Old moral: It's O.K. to cheat if you don't get caught.

New moral: If you get caught it's still O.K.—provided you were cheating.

LOVE AND TRUTH

The word amateur is derived from the Latin word for love: from this it can be reasonably supposed that an amateur athlete is one who plays a game for love. However, the time is long past when anyone could afford to play a game at the championship level for love alone—unless he happens to be a millionaire.

Last week, in the latest effort to provide an even fuzzier definition for the word amateur, two august sporting councils naively overlooked this simple fact. One of them was the Eastern College Athletic Conference. On the basis of an article in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* (March 19, 1962) it decided that young Gene Kinasevich could no longer play hockey for free at Harvard because he had once played for money in Canada. Like many young Canadians playing hockey in the U.S. today, Kinasevich had earned a pittance playing in Canada's Junior A league as a high school teen-ager. For a full year both Harvard and the Ivy League considered him an amateur. What suddenly made him a pro in the eyes of the ECAC (and now the Ivy, too) was that he had not followed the fashion and lied about it. Had Kinasevich, like many of his young countrymen, taken the precaution of filing a spurious affidavit claiming he had never been paid for playing hockey, he could have become a well-paid amateur on a scholarship at virtually any college.

In that case, however, he would have run smack into the second decision of the week: the pious resolution of the International Olympic Committee to bar from competition any athlete whose love of sport has in any way been subsidized—by college scholarship, business sinecure or government handout. The Olympic decision is Olympian, all right. The only trouble is that, if enforced, it would put a swift end to Olympic competition by barring some 90% of the world's "amateur" athletes who can no more afford to play a game for love than they can afford to sell the truth.

CONSERVATION NOTE

From Kuala-Lumpur comes word that the Malayan Government Fisheries Department has put up signs asking tourists not to dance on the backs of giant turtles, because it scares them away from their last breeding ground.

THE PRELIMS

Preliminaries have always been as much a part of heavyweight championships as weighing-in ceremonies and prefight predictions. Fight lovers who paid \$6.75 to see the big go via closed-circuit TV last week at Manhattan's Academy of Music on 14th Street, one of the oldest and



largest remaining theaters in New York, got a whole three hours' worth. The early rounds consisted of canned, sweet Viennese waltzes, followed by a series of colored film shorts. *Fish Are Where You Find Them* was the first, showing grinning fishermen in Florida, the Andes and Austria. Then came motorcycle racing in rural England and a short on the busy work of a man who catches animals in the Everglades for zoos.

The main event of the evening—aside from the fight of course—was a picture called *New York in the 1920s*, which turned out to be the film biography of onetime taxi dancer George Raft, with

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

mobsters rampant on a field of Hollywood. As the management still had time to kill when this was over, *Fish Are Where You Find Them* went on again. When the waltzes, including *The Merry Widow*, came back for a return bout one critic remarked, "They must think we're in Lincoln Center."

At long last the drapes parted to reveal two minutes and six seconds' worth of foggy fight pictures. As the listless crowd left the theater someone mumbled: "Fish are where you find them."

THE INSIDE TRACK

• Big Eight faculty representatives (their coaches firmly dissenting) are considering upping the scholastic requirements for candidates for athletic scholarships. At present a standing in the upper two-thirds of a candidate's high school class is required. The new rule would require a standing in the upper half. The conference may also limit the total number of scholarships that can be awarded by member schools.

• A clause in the constitution of the NCAA asserts that to be eligible for NCAA competition a student must be in good scholastic standing and making satisfactory progress toward a degree. If there are no classes, there can hardly be progress of any sort toward a degree. NCAA officials are still dreading the precedent they may have to establish if, as a last resort, the governor of Mississippi closes his state university rather than permit a Negro to attend classes.

THE KILLER

"Dreadful and nasty," snarled a leading member of the League Against Cruel Sports, but then, she added, "I am not surprised. They have been teaching the boy to do horrible things like this right along. Perhaps it all comes from King Henry VIII."

Occasion of the outburst: the shooting of his very first stag by England's heir, 13-year-old Prince Charles.

SO NOW WHAT?

Always before—or practically always—when an America's Cup series was over, there would be someone to say, "Well, that's the last. There'll never be another. Too much trouble. Too expensive." But this time the potential challengers were lined up four-deep, in four nations, that is.

Never before has there been more than

one challenger. Now there are nine active 12 meters outside the U.S., all available to bolster the attack, and at least 12 more in the planning stage. Britain's Royal Thames Yacht Club, which has special permission to challenge first for 1984, has five 12s available with veteran crews, and Tony Boyden's new challenger, on the ways at Sandbank, will have two years to train. Three other British 12-meter projects are either in progress or under consideration, promising an unprecedented elimination series for the new boat. Australia, so nearly victorious, is eager to try again—either with *Gretel* or with one of a pair of new boats that are in the planning stage. Italy, with three active 12s, would willingly build a challenger, if the defender could find time to accept. Finally, from the noncapitalistic East comes a Russian bid. They have no 12s as yet, but they have done well in smaller craft and are notorious for never entering a battle without some assurance of victory.

American yachtsmen, man your checkbooks!

TWO-PARTY PERIL

In recent years Texas has voted Republican occasionally, and now even elects some Republican legislators. This quirk of southern liberalism has resulted in embarrassment for the University of Texas football ticket office, where it has been the custom to give two free tickets to every home game to every one of the 182 legislators, whose capitol is two blocks from the university, and who pass on the university's budget.

Since legislators are not elected until the football season is under way, it might seem there would be a problem. But up to now, the problem has been no problem. Each summer tickets were mailed to every chosen Democrat as soon as the primaries were over, because a Republican had no chance of being elected in Texas. This year 91 Republicans do have a chance.

The winners will expect good seats. And there just aren't an extra 182 tickets in choice locations. Besides, who wants to put an oratorical legislator, who has much to say about a university budget, in the end zone? Not the university. After deep thought the athletic solons of the university decided to give no free tickets to any nominees, Democrat or Republican, but to reserve them for incumbent legislators. Others will have to wait until after Election Day, November 6th, and by that time the only home

continued



The least important thing is its famous fragrance.

Yardley After-Shaving Lotion just happens to smell great. Clean. Manly. Extraordinarily refreshing.

But that isn't its only purpose.

Yardley After-Shaving Lotion also performs several vital skin care functions. It helps heal nicks, chase bacteria, prevent infection. It keeps skin lubricated, moist and comfortable. It acts as

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With all these virtues, it's a wonder Yardley After-Shaving Lotion costs only \$1 a bottle.

But it does.



Will the soft new look last?



This tag says yes!

What do you want in a sweater? Ease of care? Popular styling? Shape-retention? Warmth without weight? Sure. And you want it to stay looking fresh. This wool-and-Kodel sweater does, after machine washing and drying. (Blocks itself, too!) See the

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Marshall® sweaters. A blend of 65% wool, 35% Kodel polyester. Above, six-button cardigan, \$10.95. Also in V-neck pullover, \$8.95. In 8 colors. Kodel is the trademark for Eastman polyester. Eastman makes only fiber, not fabrics or garments.

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game left will be the traditional Thanksgiving Day tilt with A&M. It has been suggested that the legislative candidates buy their tickets, but that is regarded as revolutionary. Liberalism can be carried just so far.

ODE TO ME

Cassius Clay, currently the leading pretender to the throne of Sonny Liston, has never been one to hide his light under a bushel. Last week *Fighter Clay* revealed a secondary talent to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and at the same time made a clear bid for the title recently vacated by Edgier Guest.

Clay's poetic haymaker:

*It was a surprising fight
at the park that night,
Liston hit Floyd
and knocked him out of sight.
Liston's dynamite blows
caught Floyd on the side,
Nothing could help the clump,
not even his pride.
Liston was hungry,
rough and tough,
and the clump
soon had enough.
As the people left the park,
you could hear them say,
Liston will stay king
until he meets that Clay.*

THEY SAID IT

• Allie White, Texas Christian line coach, on his team's 6-3 upset victory over Kansas: "Our kids had never seen an unbalanced line before and they didn't know what to do, so they just tackled everybody."

• Jack (Doc) Kearns, fight manager, on the so-called honest members of today's boxing fraternity: "I would rather operate with a bunch of thieves—if they cut me in for 10%."

• Charlie Conerly, retired Giant quarterback and Mississippi alumnus (1948), expressing his skepticism that Ole Miss will close its doors rather than submit to integration: "They got a lot of money invested in football tickets for this season, and they're just not going to risk losing it."

• Tullus Mead, Pocahontas, Tenn. high school coach, comparing his Golden Gloves fight 10 years ago against Sonny Liston with the Liston-Patterson fight: "When Liston hit Patterson he stayed down and collected a fortune. When Liston hit me, like a fool, I got up and he hit me again."

END



THE NEW LOOK OF STEREO



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high-fidelity music through your household wiring to ...



any other room where you plug in this receiver speaker.

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This innovation is on the Sutton, above, as well as the Barrington and

Custom Decorator series.

The Sutton, by the way, is a superb instrument in itself. It combines ten speakers with a full 100 watts of music power amplification. An FM/AM/FM-Stereo tuner is standard. It comes in your choice of four authentic furniture styles—each in the appropriate genuine hardwood veneer.

The Sutton—and the ingenious Home Music Distribution System—are from a selection of fine console and portable stereos. Hear them at your General Electric dealer's.

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THE NEW RAGE TO WIN

A grim commando mood has hit football. It is especially evident at Kentucky, where the coach is demanding total dedication to victory

by MORTON SHARNIK and ROBERT CREAMER

When Charlie Bradshaw became head coach at Kentucky last January he called his 88-man football squad together and said, "Men, you are in for a tremendous experience—you will be part of a winner. But the price of victory will come high—hard work, perhaps the hardest you have ever known, self-sacrifice, dedication and, most of all, discipline."

By mid-September, before Kentucky played its first game, 53 players had quit the squad. Bradshaw, a student and disciple of Paul (Bear) Bryant, head coach at Alabama, last year's national champions, had adopted Bryant's football philosophy. The Bryant idea is harsh and simple: get tough, aggressive players; impress upon them that the only thing that matters is victory, no matter what it costs; train them and train them and train them to an absolute peak of condition; teach them to hit—hit the opponent hard and keep on hitting him until inevitably he falters and makes a mistake; capitalize on that mistake.

This system worked for Bryant when he took over a mediocre team at Kentucky 16 years ago, and it worked again when he took over a declining team at Texas A&M in 1954; it worked again when he took over one of the worst teams in Alabama's history in 1958 (in 1961 Alabama was the No. 1 team in the

country). Bryant football is rapidly becoming the principal style of play in the Southeastern Conference, and coaches who have played or worked under Bear Bryant are becoming as sought after as Bud Wilkinson's disciples were in the 1950s. They teach the game that Ralph Jordan, coach at Auburn, described recently as "the new hell-for-leather, helmet-busting, gang-tackling game they're playing here in the Southeastern Conference. Since Bear Bryant came back to Alabama, it's the only game that can win."

Charlie Bradshaw's introduction of this new order in football at Kentucky brought grudging praise from Johnny Vaught of Mississippi, whose perennially powerful team (an 18-point favorite) beat Kentucky 14-0 last Saturday night. Kentucky's hard-hitting tactics even in defeat bore out something Vaught had said weeks before: "This will be our toughest game with Kentucky in seven years. What used to hurt them was lack of physical conditioning. They had class, but they couldn't hold up in the second half. This year Bradshaw may not have many players in uniform, but—believe me—those he has will be fit."

Bradshaw's conditioning program began way last winter in a series of "informal" preseason workouts. The players expected them to be something like the loosely disciplined winter conditioning drills imposed by former Coach Blanton Collier. Instead they found a jam-packed schedule conducted at a high-speed, nonstop pace. They lifted weights in one room, had blocking drills in a second and wrestled and had agility drills in a third. They went outside the gym for more agility drills and to throw a football around. NCAA rules do not permit supervised preseason out-of-doors practice, but, as one player said, "The coaches never left the gym. They did happen to be watching through the window, though."

The exercises were neither more intensive than they sound. Quarterback Jerry Woolum, one of Kentucky's best players, said, "That preseason crash conditioning program was the hardest thing I've ever been through." Another player said, "The wrestling was more like brawling. Two of us fought until one of us dropped. Then the loser had to brawl with the next fellow. If he

continued

BOOT CAMP ATMOSPHERE finds Coach Charlie Bradshaw (opposite) driving his squad incessantly. His zeal has weary players doing morning exercises in puddles after hard practice.

Photographs by James Brite



dropped again he stayed right there. Fifteen minutes of that was something to remember. I had to be helped to my feet after one session."

"I didn't mind the rough-and-tumble," said a player who quit three weeks after the sessions began, "but I sure objected to the rushing and the constant goading. The assistant coaches would yell and scream. They'd push us to get us hopping along to the next room. Some of the guys began to vomit. A couple of guys in my group began to look real weak while we were in roll drills one day, as if they might keel over. The coaches noticed, so they were excused—from roll drills—but they had to move right on to the next exercise line."

By the end of the first week four players had quit, and by the time the conditioning program was over, the total had risen to 15. But the players who stuck it out became excited over their improved fitness. "We thought we had begun to understand Coach Bradshaw's program," said one who quit the squad after spring practice. "He was a real leader, and that's what the team needed."

In April, as spring practice began, Bradshaw said, "We will be looking for the boys who love the game and are willing to pay the price for success. The work test we give them is going to be rough and tough. We want wild, aggressive, eager players who play the game up to the hilt in an effort to win."

The spring-practice drills were, indeed, rough and tough and demanding. The hangers-on who always gather along the sidelines to watch football practice were delighted. A retired postman said, grinning, "The name of the game is knock." His companion agreed: "Old Charlie reminds me of the Bear."

Bear Bryant is a legend at Kentucky. Stories about him abound. "If a man's going to quit," once said the Bear, "I want him to quit in practice, not in a game." The Bear was rough. If a player made a mistake in practice, the Bear was apt to knock him down, run right over him. He did it to Frank Fuller, a big tackle, and shook him up. (And he tried it on All-America Bob Gain, the old-timers giggle, but Gain saw him coming and it was the Bear who ended on the ground.) The Bear would set first-string guard against second-string guard in man-to-man scrimmage, the winner to be first-string in the next game. ("It teaches players desire.")

Charlie Bradshaw doesn't have the Bear's reputation for knocking players down, though when he demonstrates a play or a move to a man, he hits him as hard as though he were in a game. And he punishes players who aren't aggressive enough in practice by running them back and forth until they are exhausted. His assistant coaches are a bit more direct. The method of tackling taught by the Bryant-Bradshaw school requires the tackler, charging low, to hit the ball-carrier head on with his helmet and then with his shoulder and arm. When a player missed a tackle in practice, an assistant coach would run over shouting: "Butt him, damn you." Sometimes a critical assistant would bang his own head into a player's stomach, knock him down, pick him up by the jersey and shove him back in the direction of the huddle. Assistants would bang players in the head with a forearm to make a lesson clear.

There's hitting and hitting

"That's all right," a player who left the squad said. "Hitting is part of football, and I didn't mind that. But when coaches deny the hitting, how can you respect them?"

Several players said that Assistant Coach Bob Ford hit Quarterback Louie Owen in the mouth with his fist after Owen allowed a pass to be completed and then missed the tackle. Owen lost half of one tooth in this encounter.

"I know the stories," Ford said, "but I didn't hit him with my fist. It was an accident. I was demonstrating the proper execution and I guess my forearm must have caught him in the mouth. I was trying to help the boy, not hurt him, and that's the honest truth."

Louis Owen supported Ford. "I believe it was an accident," he said. "The tooth was crooked anyway."

"Some players don't realize that what we are doing is for their own good," Ford said. "They don't realize that football is a demanding game. It requires a bold spirit and a strong body. It's when a player is tired that he must play his best. You can't teach this. A boy learns it by the coach's example. Coaching is vigor and enthusiasm, and it's infectious. I believe in coaching. We teach the word of Christ. We try to give strength to the weak boy, strength in body and strength in character to resist temptations and to learn self-discipline. The poor boy we make rich, give him

a chance to improve himself, to gain an education and become rich in useful experiences. This is his salvation."

There is an undeniable overtone of religion in big-time football today. Many, if not most, of the successful coaches lead their teams in prayer both before and after games. Charlie Bradshaw said to his players, "We are a family and we'll work together in harmony, as a family should. This means we want you to take pride in yourselves, to be good Christian men. Your studies will come first. The discipline we teach you on the football field will carry over into your studies and after you graduate." (But an assistant coach, coming across a player studying in the library one night, said, "Get to bed. We'll tell you when to study. Football comes first right now.")

Bradshaw also allayed the fears of those who were wary of the emphasis he placed on winning above everything else. "You can't win with dumb athletes," he explained. "We will recruit only intelligent boys, only those we know to be good students. We will be aggressive. We will play the game to the hilt with the kind of boys who are willing to pay the price for winning."

By the end of spring practice, 23 players had left the squad, some voicing extreme bitterness. Shelby Lee, a sophomore back, left because, his mother said, "He has too much character to want to get out and kill." Another said, "I'm sure Coach Bradshaw's methods are necessary to develop a winner, but I don't believe winning is worth the price." Dale Lindsey, an All-America high school halfback, said, "To me, football is a game. It's a rough game, and you expect the physical punishment, but it's supposed to be fun, too. When it gets to the point that it isn't any fun, why continue?" Another said, "The way I look at it, football is Coach Bradshaw's business. But to me it's a sport, not a business." One boy, a devout Baptist, said, "At first I was impressed with Coach's tie-in of Christianity and football. But now I'm convinced it's nothing but hypocrisy. Christ taught love. Charlie Bradshaw teaches us to punish, to destroy the other man."

(Bob Ford has two pictures on his wall, one of Robert E. Lee and the other of Stonewall Jackson. Pointing to Lee, the intensely serious Ford said to a visitor, "You see this man here? He was a real Christian gentleman. He taught a



ONE MAN WHO QUIT, saying, "I won't be anyone's killer," was star Halfback Darrell Cox (left, with All-America Tom Hutchinson). But the next day he asked to rejoin the squad.

Sunday school. But he went out and killed, didn't he?"

Not all the players quit, and not all those who quit were bitter. "The practices were tough physically, but we all took the same knocks," said Tom Hutchinson, the All-America end who stayed on the squad. "I don't believe anyone was unequal to the hitting and the banging. It was the mental stress and the day-after-day demands that wore a lot of guys down. I suspect that this thing just snowballed and got out of hand—sort of like mass hysteria."

Mike Mimix, a pre-med student with an A average, agreed. "It was a form of contagion, one quit and the others followed. Football is an emotional game,

and that's how Coach Bradshaw approaches it. I found him a stimulating coach and if I had an easier curriculum I'd still be out at practice."

One of the players who jumped the squad in spring training was Darrell Cox, a halfback and the team's best punter, who stated, "I refuse to be anyone's trained killer." Next day Cox tried to rejoin the team, but Bradshaw would not let him, at least not then. Instead, he phoned Bear Bryant in Alabama.

"What the hell are you calling me for?" roared the Bear. "You want to stiffen your guts so you can tell that Cox he can't come back? Let him sit it out for a while. He'll be just as anxious to come back in September as he is now,"

Cox did rejoin the team in the fall and was a standout player both in Kentucky's opening game, an 0-0 tie against a superior Florida State team, and in the game with Mississippi. Critics of Bradshaw pointed out that of all the players who left the squad, only Cox and Center John Mutchler were expected to make the first two teams. The implication was that Bradshaw had deliberately cleared his squad of dead wood.

One Southeastern Conference coach said privately, "It's obvious that the practices were made so brutal that untalented players were forced to quit. It's not a new pattern. It's an old one set by Bear Bryant. He did the same thing at Kentucky, at A&M and at Alabama. He made it so tough on players with little ability that they quit, leaving him plenty of scholarships to recruit more talented boys. It should be investigated."

Mississippi's John Vaughn was more outspoken. In conversation with Earl Ruby, sports editor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, Vaughn said with some heat, "Don't those boys who got chased off the squad know that under the rules they're entitled to four full years of room, board, tuition and books, whether they lay a hand on a football or not?"

Ruby suggested that the boys had quit, that they weren't chased.

"They can quit football and still keep their full scholarship," Vaughn insisted, "as long as they maintain a good scholastic standing. That is the law as I understand it. What does Bradshaw know that the rest of us don't?"

Kentucky's football scholarships are grants-in-aid. The only way a boy can lose his grant-in-aid, aside from scholastic ineptitude or improper behavior, is to sign a waiver that releases the school from its obligation. The boys who quit Kentucky's squad all signed such waivers.

Charlie Bradshaw may have baffled them into quitting the squad but he did not bully them into signing the waivers. "Before you put your name on this thing," he would say, "think it over carefully. I'd like you to come back to the squad. I can't guarantee you anything. It'll still be just as rough and hard, and I can't promise you'll be rated any higher as a player. But remember, when you sign this thing, you're giving up your scholarship." The players who were determined to quit signed the waiver.

Bradshaw says now that he was not aware that a player did not have to sign

Continued on page 63



A GIANT SHOT THAT FORCED A PLAYOFF

The National League season was one day too long for the Dodgers but just right for Willie Mays

by TOM C. BRODY

It was exactly 11 minutes after 3 last Sunday afternoon when that matchless San Francisco outfielder, Willie Mays, lashed violently into a fast ball and turned to watch it disappear into the packed bleachers of Candlestick Park. With this one booming swing in this one explosive moment, Mays threw the most improbable pennant race in years into a tie between those old archenemies, the Giants and the Dodgers. Back came recollections of Bobby Thomson's playoff home run in 1951; of the Giant disaster against Los Angeles the last week of 1959. Now it was the Dodgers' turn to be a baseball basket case again—as they somehow had managed not to clinch what is going to be remembered as The Pennant Nobody Wanted.

With eight days to play and a four-game lead, the admittedly exhausted Dodgers, whose Swift Set actually was trying to steal a pennant, seemed sure winners. But by late Saturday night Los Angeles had lost two to Houston and three to St. Louis. "Golly, they were tight," said Houston Manager Harry Craft, "tight and tired." Yet, needing only a win themselves, or a Giant loss, the Dodgers still looked in.

Sunday dawned sunny in Chavez Ravine, but Dodger Manager Walter Alston was grim. "Anyone with a brain in his head knows we have to do it today," he said. Johnny Podres went to the mound against the Cardinals. The sun shone, too, in San Francisco, where an improbable hope lingered, as it had all week.

WILLIE WATCHES at the plate and fans wildly wave as winning home run disappears.

Day after day the Giants had been receiving stays of execution. Now they needed another. They had to beat Dick Farrell, the Houston fast baller. "I don't intend to lose," said Farrell.

In the fourth inning Giant Catcher Ed Bailey hit a fast ball over the right-field fence fast, just after hitting one foul. "He threw me the same pitch again," said Bailey. "Needless to say, I was grateful." Four innings later, the score was tied 1-1. Now, suddenly, it was 11 after 3 o'clock, Willie Mays Time. He, too, hit that Farrell fast ball. Minutes later the Giants had their 2-1 win and were clustered around a dressing-room radio, listening to the last innings of that beautiful game in Los Angeles, where it sounded like nobody would ever score. "Come on," said Harvey Kuenn, shouting at the radio as if it could pinch-hit for the Cardinals. "My bleeding ulcers!"

It was about then that a squatly Cardinal catcher named Gene Oliver hit a Podres curve into the stands, and the Dodgers were beaten 1-0. Alvin Dark took two stunned steps away from the radio, stopped, threw both hands into the air and said very softly: "Wahoo." Then again much louder: "Wahoo!"

Back at Chavez Ravine the Dodger clubhouse was closed to the press. The Dodgers had lost four straight. They had not scored in 21 innings. A season that had already seemed to have lasted 482 years was now going to last some more.

"Damn it, damn it, damn it," muttered Podres. "Well, we owe the Giants something," said old Duke Snider intently, thinking of 1951. As the Yankees wanted, baseball's most bitter rivals went into their own little World Series. **END**

THE FACTS ABOUT THE BIG FIGHT

Sonny Liston's easy knockout of Floyd Patterson raised many questions. Was it a fix? Was Patterson terrified? Is Liston a danger to boxing? Here are the answers **by GILBERT ROGIN**

Never have so many paid so much to see so little as the more than 600,000 people who shelled out an estimated \$4 million, either live in Chicago or via television in 260 theaters, to dimly perceive Sonny Liston's astonishing one-round knockout of Floyd Patterson. At first, the fans regarded the pathetic outcome in truculent silence, then, baffled and disgruntled, they spilled into saloons and living rooms complaining like mutinous luscans. There was a near unanimity of opinion, some of it by people who should have known better. The fight was fixed to set up a lucrative return match, they said. Patterson went into the ring a quivering coward, they said. Patterson was a bum made of glass. One theory, no more bizarre than the others, had it that the mob ordered Patterson to lose and promised him a one-sided High Noon if he didn't.

The genesis of all this wide-eyed theorizing and downright baloney was the fact that many spectators failed to see the knockout blows. One second Patterson was tottering against the ropes, the next he was collapsing like a bridge table. Those who did have a good look at the punches but were unfamiliar with Liston's work vastly underestimated their force. Liston is not a notably swift and flashy biter, but that final left hook crashed into Patterson's cheek like a

diesel rig going downhill, no brakes.

Annoyed fans who thought that Patterson should have beaten the count didn't know what they were talking about. There are no fighters extant, and precious few mammals of any variety, that could have beaten the count. The miracle is that Patterson was able to get to his knees.

By all the laws of logic and reason, the fight could not have been fixed. Patterson was destroyed so completely that he does not recall any of the action depicted in color on the following pages. He had no idea that he had been holding onto the ropes or, indeed, how he even got to the ropes. "Did I come off the ropes like I was going to throw a punch?" he asked pathetically. He was astounded to learn that he embraced Manager Cus D'Amato a minute after he had shakily regained his feet. "I must have still been groggy," he said, "because I have no knowledge of it. It couldn't have been me. It must have been somebody who looked like me, possibly my brother. You're sure I was hit? I thought I might have blacked out. Gosh, one of these days I'm going to start taking off my boxing trunks right there in the ring in front of all those people, thinking I'm in my dressing room already."

When Sonny Liston heard the sore-heads' theories that Patterson was yellow

or Patterson had gone into the tank, he reacted with typical simplicity. "That's got to be the most stupidest thing I ever heard," he said. "I felt enough of him under my glove on that last hook to know it was a good enough punch to put any man down hard. I looked at him close when he was going down and I took another good look when he hit the floor. He was gone. He surprised me for a tiny second when he got up on one knee, but then I could see he was like a man reaching for the alarm clock while he was still asleep. I admired the way he was fighting to make it. All of a sudden, I could see why Johan-na-son couldn't keep him down."

Liston will have no part of the theory that Patterson was cowardly. "There's a big difference between having fear in you and being a coward," he said on the plane ride back to Philadelphia. "I can have fear in me, too, and that kind of fear is good. Then I'd go into the ring and because I had this fear I'd try to take the other guy out as quick as I could. Patterson had fear in him but he wasn't no coward."

Said Patterson, in the careful manner he uses when he is being interviewed, "I definitely wasn't afraid. I wish to emphasize that. I was definitely not afraid. Perhaps I should have been. I have never been afraid of any of my opponents,

no matter how big they are." (He was, perhaps, apprehensive about explaining the knockout to his children, but he solved the problem admirably. His oldest daughter, Seneca, 6, asked him what happened. "I told her it was just a game where we try to push each other down," he said. "This time he pushed me down. The next time I'll push him down. I asked her if she wanted to play the game. I let her push me down to show her how it was done.")

Liston claims Patterson wouldn't look at him during the weigh-in. Sonny is proud of his ability to stare an opponent down and figures that such matters are important. Patterson does not.

"I never looked any of my opponents in the face," Patterson says. "It's no sign of being afraid. I just find it difficult to look them in the face. I saw Liston's body. It looked tremendous but as soon as the bell rang the image became smaller. I guess my mind plays tricks on me."

None of this is to say that Patterson did not fight a shameful, heedless fight, and he knows it better than anybody. "Boy," he said, "that was a terrible performance! I fought a fight that wasn't a fight. My mind just wasn't on the fight. It was what I call a lingering mind. Instead of forgetting everything but my opponent, my mind just lingered from here to there to the other place. The fact that my mind lingers is something I can't control. Now this isn't an excuse. I know what was wrong but I don't want to say what right now. First thing a beaten fighter looks for is an excuse. My excuse is I got hit. You know, my belly was in terrific condition. I had two guys throwing a medicine ball at it as hard as they could every day. Only thing, Sonny didn't punch me in the belly. I fooled him, though. He said it would go five rounds."

"I'm not depressed so much because of myself but because of the people, the public. They were behind me. Now I've gotten almost a thousand letters. That's going to make me give a very good account of myself the next time. My opinion of Liston was correct. I just have to change myself to a certain degree—my mental attitude. I have to have a reason to fight at my best; to win just doesn't

seem to be enough reason for me. Something has been done to me by Sonny Liston and now I have much, much more reason than winning. I want my championship back. I'm not saying I'm going to get it. That's boasting. People don't want to hear that. They want to see it."

When the return is held (it will be held, and relatively soon), Patterson will enter the ring to boos and epithets. In this one miniature fight he lost practically all his public support. He went in as the sentimental choice of the sports-writers (60% of whom picked him to win); they had reasoned that his speed and versatility would prove him too much for a man who was not even able to knock out Eddie Machen, and they also figured that the Paul Bunyan tales coming from the Liston training camp were just the usual preflight hoopla. Many were influenced unduly by reports of a planned coup by the big betting interests, the so-called smart money. This report had it that a gambling cartel had placed a quick \$25,000 bet on Liston as soon as the fight was signed, making Liston an instant 8-5 favorite. Then the smart money would be low until just before the fight, at which time it would make huge bets all over the country—on Patterson. Thus they would get the benefit of the odds that they themselves had set with a relatively small initial bet the other way.

But the truth turned out to be the precise opposite of this fiction. After a brief flurry of Patterson betting on the afternoon of the fight, the smart money came flying down on Liston. Although the final odds were reported as 7½ to 5 Liston, the fact was that in Chicago, where much of the last-minute action took place, there was so much bet on Liston that the odds soared to 2 to 1. In Las Vegas, Jimmie (The Greek) Snyder's final line was 9 to 5.

The hapless Patterson bettors thought they had the fight strategy all figured in advance. Floyd would go inside on Liston, fire away and then run like a thief in the night. He would not close in until the accumulated inside damage and Liston's own frustration had sapped the challenger's strength and will. Alas, this

pattern never developed, and, as it turned out, existed only in the minds of the hopeful Patterson fans. "I had no plan," Floyd admitted glumly in the dressing room. "I should have started faster than I did. Liston's a fast starter. But it's usually the procedure to feel out an opponent in the first round. He surprised me."

In the fight's first exchange, Patterson slipped under Liston's jab and threw a strong left hook past Sonny's ear. The force of the blow impressed Liston, as he admitted later, and he danced lightly back with far more grace than had been expected of him. This was to be Patterson's only attempt to dominate the fight. Aside from one leaping right, he never used his speed again. Occasionally he took a step back but he never tried to fly beyond Liston's reach. Instead, he stayed inside and in that hard ground lost the fight. It was a passive, abstracted acceptance—like a steer dreamily awaiting the sledge. It was "the lingering mind" which has bedeviled and hindered him as a fighter. Besides this dazed surrender, Patterson did not punch enough and frequently tried to clinch with Liston, which is as implausible a way to fight a strong 215-pounder as one could imagine. In these feeble clinches he only managed to tie up one of Liston's arms. A grateful Liston found there was no need to give chase. The victim sought out the executioner. In the clinches Sonny mauled Floyd at will, beating him about the kidneys with his free hand. Body weight was a factor here, too. Liston draped himself over Patterson, leaning on him with his forearms while Floyd meekly struggled. Liston often moved him around into more comfortable range and position like a painter arranging a still life. Once he grabbed Floyd by the neck and yanked him into a clubbing right, frequently he held the champion by the shoulder or arm to set him up for a hook.

At first Liston's punches were long and seemingly without direction. Floyd evaded many of these by radical crouching and bobbing and weaving, but some collided with his back and arms. "I could see practically every punch coming," Floyd said, "but he threw so many slow

continued

punches." When about one minute had elapsed, Liston whacked him to the kidneys and Patterson's legs seemed to lose their bounce. All told, Sonny banged Floyd with perhaps a dozen kidney shots, some of them random punches. But at least four were telling, landing on or below the white elastic of his trunks. After the first of these, Liston, shortening up, connected with two double hooks high on the head. He stepped back, as he frequently did, as though examining his shot group. In the next encounter, Liston drove a right uppercut to the body that lifted Floyd off the floor. He fell into a clinch. Two left hooks made him stumble back. He grabbed the top strand of the ropes and slid along them and off while Sonny held fire. There followed a left hook, a grazing, downward right and then the ultimate left at a static target.

"Floyd was frightened all right," said Ben Skelton, one of Patterson's sparring partners, "but it wasn't of getting hurt. He had stage fright. He never did the things he trained all those months to do. It wasn't that he couldn't do them. He did them beautifully just a few days before the fight."

What a strange champion Patterson was. What a suffering, bewildered and confused man. He fought superbly only twice in recent years—against Archie Moore and against Ingemar Johansson the second time. The rest of his fights ranged from bad to mediocre. Often it was only his condition and reflexive responses that sustained him until he was charged up enough in body and devoted enough in mind to concentrate on his tough trade. He appears to live in continuing dread of critical examination and appraisal when he stands alone, practically naked, before millions. Is it rejection he fears? Listen to him: "Losing is nothing to be ashamed of. It is something to hide from. Because if a person is defeated he feels shame. This is me. I try to change but I can't." After the fight he hid behind an absurd disguise of false mustache and beard as he drove home to New York. He had a mustache and a beard ready for the second Johansson fight, too, and he even brought them to his fight last December with the outclassed Tom McNeely. "I don't take no chances," Floyd says, "but if I had lost to McNeely I would have put them on in the ring."

It was said after the Liston fight that Patterson had been one of the major hoaxes of the ring, sort of a Cardiff Midget, and that it was only due to D'Amato's matching him with inferior opponents that he had remained champion as long as he did. They said, too, that D'Amato was right in his unsuccessful campaign to keep Floyd from meeting Liston. ("Cus was wrong," Patterson says, heatedly. "If there's ever a man out there who can beat me and I don't fight him I want to give him the title. How could I feel like a champion otherwise? If I should beat Liston the second time—and there's a small possibility that I will—I'll give him another chance at me.") Patterson is a good fighter with a weak chin and—even more costly—serious mental problems that prevent him from fully applying his considerable skills. The only heavyweights of consequence he hasn't met are Eddie Machen and Zora Folley. Both are average hitters and there is little doubt that he could beat them. Patterson is, at the moment, the second-best heavyweight in the world. But he is second best by a remarkably wide margin.

Sonny Liston would appear to rank with the better heavyweight champions. He has deficiencies in boxing skill, and a Jack Johnson or a Joe Louis—also big, strong men, but with greater skill—might have beaten him in their prime. But this is futile speculation. Liston is far and away the class now and there appears to be no one around to challenge his supremacy. Young Cassius Clay might give him a fair tussle in a few years, for here is a swift and dazzling boxer and a strong hitter, too. He might be able to fight Sonny the way everyone thought Floyd would. But at the moment, Cassius is far from ready.

"Possibly this victory will give Liston a chance to see himself," Patterson reflected the other day at his home in Yonkers, N.Y. "I think he's a great fighter but people won't accept him because he's not a great man. But he can be a good man if he gets the chance to show what's within him. I think it will surprise a lot of people. People said when I talked this way before the fight that I was just using psychology on Liston, or enhancing the sale of tickets or that I thought I was somewhat of a saint. Well, the fight's over and I still say it, so the first two are out and I'm obviously not a saint. I'm speaking now as a man—not as an ex-

*continued***1:51**

Beginning of the end for a man without a plan

*The fight is less than two minutes
old. His left glove*

dangling aimlessly on the rope,

*Floyd Patterson has already lost
to Sonny Liston.*

*Patterson does not know where he is,
or even that he is in a ring.*

Now, immobile and defenseless,

he is about to be hit with

*a deadweight sequence of punches—
left-right-left.*

Eight seconds later . . .





1:59





2:46

Back on his feet but still hardly aware of what has happened, Floyd Patterson embraces Gus D'Amato, the man who warned him never, never to fight Sonny Liston. Some thought the touching scene meant a reconciliation between the two, lately on the outs. Then Patterson explained that even at this point he had no idea what he was doing. Behind the embracing pair, promising heavyweight Cassius Clay looms like a harbinger of intriguing things. If he looks a trifle nonplussed, it is because Liston has just told him: "You're next, Loudmouth."

THE FIGHT continued

champion. If they'd only believe Liston was any kind of a human being."

Though it hardly seems plausible that Sonny has shucked his mob goombas (the Justice Department and the respectable state athletic commissions should be even more vigilant in examining what happens to his money—when he gets it), Liston appears to be growing as a human being. Events shape people as much as people shape events and winning the title seems to mark the emergence of a more thoughtful and mature Liston. Certainly he is not without a few Patterson-type sensitivities. The night after the fight he awakened a friend in his hotel room to express hurt over a newspaper column that had included such observations as: "So it is true—in a fair fight between good and evil, evil must win," and "A celebration for Philadelphia's first heavyweight champ is now in order. Emily Post probably would recommend a ticker-tape parade.

For confetti we can use shredded warrants of arrest."

"First thing I thought," Sonny told his confidant, "was I'll never speak to that guy again. Then I thought, no, why be as small as him? I'll make myself be nice to him. It's guys like him I have to show, not the guys that do want to give me a chance. If I can make a guy like that change his mind someday, then I won something bigger than any fight in the ring. There's a lot of things I'm going to do. But one thing's very important. I want to reach my own people and tell them, 'You don't have to worry about me stopping your progress.' I want to go to colored churches and colored neighborhood groups. I want them to see me and hear what I have to say, what I have to promise. I know it was in some of the papers that the better class of colored people were hoping I'd lose, even praying I'd lose because they was afraid I wouldn't know how to act. I really don't believe they was all hoping I'd lose even though it was in some of the colored papers that way. But I want them to know how I feel. I remember one thing so clear about listening to Joe Louis fight on the radio when I was a kid. I never remember a fight that the announcer didn't say about Louis, 'A great fighter and a credit to his race.' Remember? That used to make me feel proud inside.

"Of course, I don't mean to be saying I'm just going to be champion to my own people. It says now I'm the world's champion and that's just the way it's going to be. I want to go to a lot of places—like orphan homes and reform schools and such and I'll be able to say, 'Kid, I know it's tough for you now and it might even get tougher but don't give up on the world. Good things can happen if you let them.'"

"You know, before I won this title, I done some good things that I kept to myself because, well, I done them because I really wanted to and didn't want people to say, 'Look at this guy. He's putting on a show so we'll all think he's a good guy and let him fight for the title.' But now I got that title and I want to make a deal with sportswriters all over the world. If I do something bad, I want them to tell the world about it. But if I do something good, I want them to tell the world about that, too. When I said all I wanted was the chance to prove myself, I meant it. I never meant

anything more. And if the time of the rematch comes around and I haven't proved myself, if they can't say I been a credit to my race, too, then I want to give Patterson the title back—just give it back. And he don't even have to fight me for it."

When Sonny returned to Philadelphia last week he said: "I think I'll get out tomorrow and do all the same things I've always done: walk down the block and buy the papers, stop in the drugstore, talk to the neighbors. Then I'll see how the real peoples feel. Maybe then I'll start to feeling like a champion. You know, it's really a lot like an election, only in reverse. Here I am already in office but now I have to go out and start campaigning."

It has been predicted that if Liston became champion it would be a greater blow to boxing than the death of Benny (Kid) Parcel. Now they say that the mismatch in Chicago has killed boxing, that no promoter would dare stage a return bout because nobody would show up to see a rerun of that farce. But there will be a second bout and the fickle fight fans will return to see what Patterson can do. Whether Championship Sports will be around to promote it or Graff, Reiner and Smith to handle the ancillary rights is another matter. Internal Revenue agents seized all receipts the night of the fight not because of Patterson's disputed 17-year deferred income tax payment scheme but because the government wanted to be sure it got its excise and corporate income tax (C&I as well as GRS failed to file a corporate income tax return in 1961 and therefore have delinquency records).

Like a politician, Sonny Liston is making a lot of promises. The future of professional boxing depends on whether he keeps them. Before he hits the reform school and orphanage circuit he must demonstrate beyond doubt that he is free from mob control. It was said that Sonny ran his own training camp, but there were reports, too, that he went to the phone to talk to "them" whenever a big decision had to be made. If he can bring himself to tell "them" off rather than seek their counsel, if he will fight logical contenders two or three times a year, as he has also promised, then the Patterson-Liston fight will have been a forward step for boxing, despite its esthetic shortcomings. It's all up to the big man.

END



TWO MEN ON A WALL OF TERROR

by JACK OLSEN

The two mountaineers shown here are trapped on separate ledges on the north wall of the Eiger in the Bernese Alps, a mile-high cliff that is the most treacherous in the world. They are the Italian half of a four-man team, Claudio Corti (left) and Stefano Longhi, whose assault on the Eiger in 1957 brought an aftermath of suspicion and mystery that still persists. In last week's installment from the book "The Climb Up to Hell" (Harper & Row) the Italians and two Germans, Gunther Nothdurft and Franz Mayer, met by wild coincidence on the wall and began to inch their way upward. In the valley below, veteran Alpinists, watching through telescopes, were at first puzzled and then frightened by the climbers' slow progress.

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At 6 o'clock on Tuesday, atop a rock spur a little less than two-thirds of the way up the north face of the Eiger, the climbers quit for the night. They had, indeed, moved slowly all day, as the watchers below had noted. The Italians were pacing themselves to stay within easy reach of the Germans, who were handicapped by the fact that Nothdurft was suffering from a severe headache and stomach pains. The hurried beverage was a trial by water. The four men stood on a ledge less than a foot wide, only partially sheltered by a boulder. All through the night they held their upright positions while water slopped across the boulder,

continued



soaking their clothes and filling up their boots.

They started climbing again on Wednesday morning, over a sea of mist that shut out the valleys below. Soon they were well onto the third ice field. The mists cleared away. Nothdurft, though seised with occasional spasms of pain, climbed doggedly. Far below, on the camping ground at Grindelwald, watchers were pleased to see the rope take up a more normal pace. At his hotel Fritz von Almen watched the improved progress of the ropewith pleasure. Out on the terrace hundreds of tourists, attracted by the vertical tilt with death, queued up for peeps through a coin-operated telescope. A four-piece Alpine band squealed out polkas and schottisches, and black-coated waiters scurried about with aperitifs and open-faced chicken sandwiches. With the ropenow moving well, the atmosphere was festive, and optimism replaced morbidity as the mood of the morning.

On the wall the climbers cleared the ice field and started up a narrow cleft hard against a high wall of stone. Nothdurft's sickness returned more strongly than ever. To make matters worse, Longhi began to show signs of extreme fatigue: five days on the mountain were telling on the 44-year-old man. Corti ordered a stop. The Wednesday night bivouac, at the top of a cliff and just to the side of a waterfall pitch two-thirds of the way up the mountain, was worse than the previous one. There were occasional rains to add to the water dripping down from the snowfields above, and the spatter of the waterfall came at them sideways as they huddled together for warmth all through the long night.

Shortly after 7 o'clock the next morning, Thursday, the team began its attack on the waterfall pitch, 100 feet straight up against a heavy flow of icy water. It was 10 a.m. before they roped the last man through the drench. By noon they were ready to begin the traverse leading to The Spider. After four hours they had made only six rope lengths. Suddenly a plane buzzed by the face. They waved weakly. High winds began to whistle around the wall, and blowingsnow lashed their faces. Corti decided to call for an early bivouac to get some sleep before a fast strong dash in the morning. The bivouac was bad, but not so bad as the others; there was at least room for the climbers to sit.

At 6 a.m. Friday, Longhi took up po-

sition as the last man on the rope. Nothdurft, after two shots of Coramine, a stimulant, announced that he was ready. Enveloped in a white cloud, the rope inched slowly ahead. Balancing across the narrow, ice-encrusted traverse toward The Spider, Corti pounded a trail of pitons into the wall. Almost at The Spider's edge he hammered in the last piton, attached a snap link to it and passed the rope through the link and over his left shoulder so that he could belay the two Germans as they came across to him. They moved to a position about 15 feet from Corti and slightly below him, and now Corti shouted to Longhi to knock out the last piton and move up to the next. The older man was out of sight behind a slight bulge, but he was obeying instructions. Corti could measure his progress by the slackening of the rope as he took it in inch by inch until about 10 feet were coiled around his chest. And then Corti heard a scream: "Volo! I am flying!" Then: "Tienimi! Hold me!"

Automatically Corti braced for a jolt. The rope dug into his left shoulder and tore through his hands with a force so intense he could feel deep burns being scored into his palms through his climbing gloves. With all his strength he squeezed the slipping rope until it slowed and stopped. Carefully, without daring to take a breath, he turned his head and looked over the precipice. Ninety feet below, swinging helplessly back and forth in a wide arc, was the form of his comrade Longhi. Corti held fast until the motion stopped, secured the rope, then inched back across the traverse to a point directly above the limp figure.

Then he was relieved to hear his comrade call, "Claudio! Let me down. There is a ledge below me! Drop me to the ledge!"

Slowly Corti let the rope slide through his burned hands. At last, it slackened.

"I am on the ledge!" Longhi called.

Now the problem was to get him all the way back up. "What happened, Stefano?" Corti shouted.

"My frozen hands, they would not hold anymore."

Corti called to the Germans to belay him while he tried to get to Longhi. He began lowering himself on the ice slope. From the beginning it was a perilous belay. Nothdurft desperately tried to maintain his own stance on a ledge a few inches wide; Mayer had to keep constant watch on his German comrade and at

times found himself belaying both men as Nothdurft slumped into the rope. Corti went down to an outcropping about 60 feet above Longhi, but further progress meant a descent through the open air, and not even the heroic Mayer would be able to support the free-swinging weight.

"Take me up, Claudio!" Longhi pleaded.

But a few attempts at a direct lift showed immediately that the dead weight of the bulky Italian was too much for Corti in his weakened condition. He called on Mayer to join in the pull, but the ropes were placed in such a manner that all of Mayer's efforts only jammed Corti's hands against the ice. It was hopeless. Corti tried to jolly Longhi into helping himself up, but Longhi's strength was at an ebb; he clawed awkwardly at the wall with his frozen hands and could not budge upward from the ledge.

Corti lowered his bivouac sack with the remaining food and medicine through a snap link to the ledge below. Then he shouted down, "Stefano, I go to seek help. Tomorrow we come back to take you up. Stefano, can you hear me?"

"Yes," Longhi replied. "I'm all right. I'll wait for you."

Corti drove pitons into the rock ledge and fixed to them the two ropes going down to Longhi. Now no storms or winds could blow Stefano from the wall; the lifelines would protect him. Corti shouted, "Addio, Stefano, Coraggio! Coraggio!" and began the slippery climb back up through the mists.

In the valley the reaction to the climbers' slow progress was deepening concern and bewilderment. The rope seemed to have come to a standstill. Through an entire day Fritz von Almen could count only a few rope-lengths' climb. Robert Seiler and his handsome wife were on a climbing vacation on the nearby Wetterhorn when they heard of the climbers on the Eiger who were in difficulties. A short, chunky man with dark brown heavy-lidded eyes that made him look sleepy all the time, Seiler and three Swiss comrades had conquered the north face of the Eiger seven years before, despite a raging blizzard which overtook them on the fourth day. Peering through the double-barreled telescope at Von Almen's hotel, Seiler found himself baffled over the chances of the climbers. Above The Spider the only way out was a climb

continued

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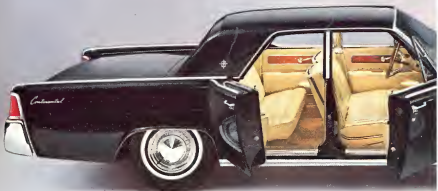


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through the treacherous area of "exit cracks" running, like the face of a steam radiator, up to the summit snowfield. There Seiler and his ropemates had almost met death. Continual slides of rock rattled down the mountain alleys. One had no place to hide; one could only cover up, huddle against the side of the crack and hope for good luck.

Watching the climbers, Seiler wondered if there was enough good luck in the whole world to see them through these dangers. By now he knew that two of the climbers were Günther Nothdurft and Franz Mayer, first-class Alpinists from Bavaria. But who were the other two? Seiler and his wife hiked across the meadow to the base of the wall, looking for clues to their identity. But there were no tents or other signs. The Seilers returned to their home in Böniigen, telling Von Almen that Seiler would stand by if help was needed.

Late in the afternoon Von Almen, who had watched and analyzed almost every climb on the north wall, was forced to the conclusion that the rope had reached the point where its chances of success were almost nil. But what to do about it? He knew the policies of the local guides and the Bernese government about rescues on the face. Von Almen went into his office and placed a call to Böniigen. "Seiler?" he said when the voice came on. "They are going to need help."

"All right," said Seiler. "Let's start something."

There began, for Seiler, a six-hour marathon of rounding up, by telephone, his own coterie of elite climbers. It was the holiday season, and some of them were away. Seiler reached one in Chamonix, another in Marseille, others in the resorts of Switzerland. To a man, they agreed to drop everything and meet Seiler the next morning at the airport in Interlaken, where planes of the Swiss Air Rescue Service would fly them up to the meadow below the face.

The four climbers had now been visible on the face for five days; all Europe was watching the drama. At 7 on Friday morning, almost at the moment Stefano Longhi fell, a news report over the Bavarian radio system announced that weather conditions were bad on the Eiger, and there was no hope that the two ropes could be brought to safety. Ludwig Gramminger, the ranking au-

thority on Alpine rescues, heard the report as he was shaving in his little home in Munich. A short, merry troll of a man, with one eye, a flowing mane of wavy gray-brown hair and the bulging leg muscles of a master climber, Gramminger ran to the phone with his face half-covered with lather and called the radio station. Where had they picked up the report and who had decided there was no hope?

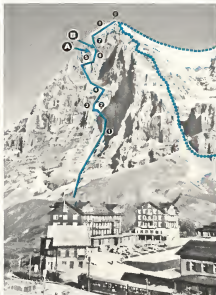
The station gave him the name of Willi Balmer, chief of the Grindelwald rescue station. Gramminger rang through to Grindelwald and confirmed that the news had, indeed, originated with Balmer. "I would like to come with my men and see what can be done," Gramminger

told Balmer. "But of course it is out of the question unless you give your permission." Mountain rescue groups did not compete with each other.

"I will let you know," Balmer said. "I promise to call you back with a decision."

On the chance that his help would be welcomed, Gramminger remained at the telephone, alerting members of the Mountain Guard and trying to arrange for a rapid passage into Switzerland. Gramminger had been hauling the living and dead off mountains for nearly 30 years. He had invented dozens of rescue devices: winch-and-cable equipment for lowering rescuers down mountainsides, brakes and pulleys for controlling the

continued



ROUTE OF CLIMBERS and paths of rescuers are traced on photograph of the Eiger. Longhi was trapped at point marked by arrow A. Coen at point of arrow B. The dotted line up the west wall is the route taken by Tarray and De Booy to the summit, a far easier climb than the north wall. The broken line along the ridge that connects the Eiger with the rest of the Jungfrau Massif is the path followed by the Swiss rescuers after they had gone by train to the Jungfraujoch. Landmarks indicated on the climbing route of the Italians and Germans are: (1) tunnel entrance to Jungfrau railway, (2) Hirtenstein Travers, (3) first ice field, (4) second ice field, (5) Traverse of the Gods, (6) The Spider, (7) exit cracks, (8) summit ice field, (9) summit of the Eiger.

descents, a back-pack harness in which injured or unconscious climbers could be hauled to safety. He owned almost nothing; all his patents had been turned over to the Mountain Guard and the Red Cross and his lectures and training courses in rescue techniques were free.

An hour went by before Gramminger picked up his ringing telephone and heard the voice of Balmer, agreeing, with no show of enthusiasm, to permit the Mountain Guard to lend a hand. Soon Alfred Hellegart and several other members arrived at the Mountain Guard headquarters and began loading Gramminger's little Volkswagen station wagon with the red cross on its side. At one in the afternoon, with Gramminger at the wheel, they roared out of Munich. They picked up four more members of the rescue group on the way, and crossed the Swiss border to Alten Rhine. Gramminger drove at breakneck speed toward the passes of Switzerland.

At about 10 in the morning that same day Corti and the Germans left Longs on the lodge. His fall, and the attempts to haul him up, had cost the rope three hours. Clouds of rain dashed against the face as the firing climbers headed across the upper edge of The Spider. Rockslides and avalanches missed them by a few feet. After several hours they reached the exit cracks, penultimate problem of the north wall. Now they were only 700 feet from the top, and less than that from the relatively easy summit snowfield.

Corti was hammering in pines as the lead man on the rope, a few feet above the others, when a rock tumbled down the face and hit him in the head. He lost his balance and fell backwards, alternately spinning through space and ricocheting off the slope. He jolted up hard against the rope, 60 feet below the others, dangling head down over the hanging ice of The Spider. The blood from a long gash on his head spilled in crimson drops into the air, and he felt himself losing consciousness. "Pull!" he shouted in Italian. "Pull the rope!"

After long seconds the Germans understood, and Corti was maneuvered into a vertical position. He swung on the rope, grabbed at an outcropping and hugged himself to the wall. Now Mayer dropped down a few feet to a more secure stance on a ledge. Hauling at the rope, he helped Corti regain the 60 feet. Head spinning and face enlaced with blood, Corti was half-delirious. "We are

not yet defeated by this mountain!" he announced wildly. He stood up to continue the ascent, but his wobbly knees buckled under him. He mumbled his thanks to the two Germans while Mayer cleaned the wound with snow and bound it with muslin. And then Corti realized that Mayer was trying to say something to him. "Tomorrow at 5 o'clock," Mayer was saying. He handed Corti the red bivouac tent. "Tomorrow at 5 o'clock," Mayer said again, and then the two Germans snapped onto the rope for the climb upward. Corti watched them climb 10, 20, 30 feet. Then he saw them pause, smile wilyly at him and vanish upward in the mists.

For the rescue parties, the day ended in frustration and confusion. Nothing could be seen through the mists. In the afternoon there was a momentary clearing of an air space through a corridor of clouds, and through Von Alben's telescope one of the climbers was dimly visible, sitting alone on a ledge nearly 5,000 feet up the wall. Above and to the west a reddish-colored tent was pitched, and a man wearing a black jacket and hood sat alongside. Hermann Geiger, whose ski-equipped Piper Cub had flown in all kinds of storm, defied the weather. As he glided by the upper part of the wall, he could see the heavyset man on the ledge frantically waving a red shirt. The marooned climber above him waved desperately and seemed to be shouting. There were no other signs of life on the wall.

Riding in the late-afternoon train up to the Eigergletscher Hotel, Lionel Terray, the French Alpinist, learned from other passengers that the climbers had been sighted, alive but apparently trapped, and that the corps of Grindelwald guides had announced that they could not be rescued. Terray and two companions, Tom de Booy and Kees Egeler of the Netherlands, had been making training climbs and planned some more on the ridges of the Mönch. Terray, the man who had helped save Maurice Herzog on Annapurna and had taken part in dozens of mountain rescues, knew that attempts were under way on the Eiger. Robert Seiler had a good reputation on the mountains, and was a *Berouw* himself. Terray knew how the mountain people felt about foreigners; Seiler would be the perfect man to lead the rescue attempt. Terray would mend his own business.

But could this be his final decision? Terray continued to search his soul and his reason. And suddenly he felt himself relieved by the strong words of his companions. Said Egeler: "I think that Lionel should join the rescuers. That is where he belongs."

De Booy agreed. "You must, Lionel. Your place is there. You must go with Seiler."

"I will go," said Terray finally, "but not as an intruder. Only if you are sure they want me."



VETERAN CLIMBER Lionel Terray, in the area by accident, volunteered to aid rescue

De Booy went to a telephone and contacted Seiler. "Lionel Terray is at the Eigergletscher Hotel," De Booy said. "Do you think he can be of any help to you?"

Seiler answered without a second's pause: "I would be very pleased."

The next morning Seiler and his team of seven men joined forces with the 21-man crew of Erich Friedli, an experienced rescue-service chief and equipment expert who lived in Thun, near Interlaken.

They crowded into the cogwheel railroad car that would take them up the wall.

Huddled together as the train clacked through the passes and up the mountain-side, Sella and Friedli had to make an almost instantaneous decision which could determine the success or failure of the mission. They had to decide whether to get off at Eigerletscher, in which case they would climb the west wall of the Eiger 6,000 feet to the summit, or stay on the train to the end of the line at the Jungfraujoch station, in which case they would be 4,000 feet higher than at Eigerletscher, but about two miles farther to the west, and would have to walk east across summit ridges and glaciers and finally climb 1,500 feet to the Eiger summit. In good weather there would not have been two minutes' discussion. They would have climbed the west wall. There were few severe pitches there, and most of the route was inclined at little more than 45°. But now it was raining hard.

Melting snow and ice had been churning thunderous avalanches down the west wall since noon. They decided to go all the way up. Late that night they arrived at the tiny railroad station and inn nestled below the peak of the Jungfrau, and turned in for a few hours' sleep.

When Terray, in turn, went to the Eigerletscher station he found that the last train had gone. He toyed with the idea of asking the railroad to take him up in an extra train, but he quickly discarded the thought; he knew that the railroaders viewed the entire rescue attempt as an exercise in stupidity. De Booy then tried to get permission for the rescue party to walk through the tunnel. Absolutely not, said the railroaders. It was against the rules. De Booy rang up Bern, spoke to several officials of the railway system and finally reached the director himself. "Absolutely not!" the director said. "*Ferboten ist verboden*. We cannot change our rules for any rescue action."

Terray snapped: "Then we will have to climb the west wall ourselves."

As these rescue parties converged on the Eiger, two Italian climbers arrived on the scene. Riccardo Cassin and Carlo Mauri, fellow members with Corti of The Ragni, the Lecoq Alpine club, were on their way to climb the north wall of the Eiger. They could not find an empty hotel room, and parked their Fiat at the railroad station to wait

for the first cogwheeler in the morning.

At 2 a.m. Friedli awakened Sella in the inn at Jungfraujoch and announced tersely: "We go!" They dressed hurriedly and strapped heavy packs of material on one another's backs. They stepped out of the side door of the railway station and into a scene of incredible change. When they had gone to bed a heavy rain was falling and avalanches were rumbling down the peaks. But now a front of howling, frigid winds had moved in from the northwest, shoving the clouds away. Every star in the sky was shining brightly, icicles two feet long hung from the eaves of the building; wherever there had been water, there was now ice. It was a scene of breathtaking beauty, but it was not beautiful to the 29 men who would have to make the long journey in the cold winds across the very roof of Switzerland. They had traveled up to the Jungfraujoch mainly to avoid avalanches and rockfalls on the west wall. But now every snowfield and rock was held immobile by the snap freeze, clearly they were on the more difficult route.

Lionel Terray and Tom de Booy were already well up the west wall from the Eigerletscher station. They found the route icy but safe, all danger of avalanche and rockfall held in sharp suspension by the biting winds which whipped down from the northwest in gusts up to 50 miles an hour. The two men were at the top of their form, having spent many days in training climbs in the Oberland, and they climbed in the classic manner, belaying each other up difficult pitches, running on crampons across the angled fields of firm snow. De Booy, the powerful schoolmaster from Amsterdam, dogged the footsteps of the internationally famous Chamonix guide, and before two hours had passed they were halfway up the wall.

Now they could begin to see the Swiss party that had started from the Jungfraujoch, working its way across the ridge of the Mönch, where the wind hit them in a solid sweep from the north. First there were two climbers, moving doggedly, broadside to the gale, a few hundred yards back came six more, and far behind them, stretched across the high ice fields and struggling under a heavy load, came a dozen or so stragglers. Terray felt deep emotional ties

to these brave men, some of them obviously not good climbers, as they risked their lives with each step. And for what? For nothing, Terray said to himself. There could be no life left on the north wall after such a frigid night. The most powerful climber could not have endured six or seven bivouacs on that terrible face, capped by this final bone-chilling wind. Then why had he joined the rescue party? "It is because of those Swiss up there," Terray told himself. "It is because they are brave men taking generous action." He felt again, as he had on Annapurna, the spirit of solidarity toward courageous men who ignored the odds and the probabilities in a dangerous attempt to bring relief to others who were suffering.

By 7:30 Terray and De Booy were 1,000 feet from the summit, and could inch out on the ridge of flaky rock and hanging ice which separated the west wall from the north. There was no entrance to the north wall anywhere on this spur, but at least they could survey the precipice and look for the last traces of the lost rope. Terray shouted across the face and, just as he had expected, there were no answers. For almost 30 minutes he and De Booy took turns calling, but the only returning sound came from the wind, ripping and whistling around the fragmented edge of rock.

They turned to back off the ridge and finish the climb, when faintly, in the distance, they thought they heard an indistinct call. Terray called again, and this time a voice came out of the wall. "I cannot believe my ears," said Terray. "There is a living being out there."

"Perhaps we are hearing things, Lionel," De Booy said. But now the calls were coming more often. They could not make out what the voice was saying, or even in what language it spoke, but they knew it came from the wall. Inspired and touched, Terray and De Booy groped back off the outcropping and forced the rest of the climb so they would be on hand to help the Swiss when they reached the summit.

NEXT WEEK

Punished by gale and blizzard, the rescuers challenge the Ogre of the Alps; heroism and tragedy blend to produce a mystery that only the silent mountain itself can solve.

He really went to get a pony for Gary," says Mrs. J. W. Griffith—85 ponies, one ranch and a stable decorated by William Puhlmann later. The Griffiths are Texans, and Texans don't fool around. To go off for a Christmas pony and come back with a ranch—which is essentially what Billy Griffith did—might conceivably have turned out to be a mistake. But Griffith proved to have an eye. If his ponies are a hobby, his handling of the small ranch in Longview has nothing about it of the dilettante.

"Seventy new acres of grass this winter, just clearing of trees. There's a little of trace elements in it, like cobalt and potassium. You remember the Calumet mares weren't getting in foul; an agronomist recommended trace elements, and it worked. These ponies don't get a drop of food other than just this grass, and every one of them so fat they can hardly walk."

John William (Billy) Griffith, vice-president of R. Lacy, Inc., oil and gas producers, was born on a farm but had to move into town to start school when he was 5. He missed the cattle. "He always has to go see all the pigs and chickens and cows and horses at fairs," his wife says of him. And he says himself, "I've always been interested in cattle." Obviously, a man in no fit state to be sent off alone to buy a pony. In December of 1959 he did control himself, he went for a pony and came back with just one, Blaze, but a month later he broke loose.

"I had in mind to go buy just a couple, three mares, and a stallion. I ended up with a futurity champion mare and stallion and a couple of other mares. I came home and told Patsy what I'd done." "And I almost had a conniption," Patsy finished up, but her tone was tranquil.

In January of 1960 Griffith didn't even have a threshold to carry his champions and the new mares over. "I took them to a little old public stable over here. I got the barn started. Then I met Jack, up at Ada, Oklahoma." Trainer Jack Addison came down to take over the ponies at what developed rapidly into the 5-G Pony Farm (5-G for five Griffiths: Patsy and Billy, son Gary and twins Gail and Gwen), and in two years Addison and Griffith did astoundingly well. In Des Moines last year at the National Shetland Congress, 5-G ponies took three of the four grand championships and a reserve on the fourth—an unprecedented sweep for a single ranch. Last year Senny Acres Modernaire showed 14 times, won firsts in his age class, senior class and the grand championship in every show. He brought home a full set of 43 ribbons.

The show string was out cleaning up. Meanwhile, back at the ranch, Patsy was decorating. Kind of sprucing up the barn. William Puhlmann, one of the world's leading interior decorators, is an old friend of the Griffiths. He helped Patsy with the house, and he decorated the R. Lacy offices, but one might not have expected the man responsible for the Four Seasons restaurant in New York City to come to grips with a barn. He did, though, and there is not apt to be another with a tack room much like the one in the 5-G barn today—a 19-by-17 cinderblock room with a high and airy breezeway separating it from the stalls. The breezeway (right, where the Griffiths are gathered) opens on a cool,

continued

A Tony Texas Pony Farm

Billy Griffith of Longview, Texas, came home with the best Shetlands money could buy. Then he called in Bill Pohlmann to decorate a stable so handsome that you could mave right in with the ponies

by Barbara Heilman

Photographs by Farrell Graham



Pony Farm *continued*

deep porch and is filled with plants—hanging plants and potted plants, beneath a skylight. It has somewhat the air of the interior gardens of New Orleans courtyards. The oak refectory table, the stools, the great ships' wheels, high at either end above the doors, and the iron wall brackets all are English antiques. On a marble shelf there is an American pacing-horse weathervane. The side chairs are 17th century Spanish. The walls themselves are whimsical with antique wooden and metal signs.

In the tack room there are also wall brackets on the sage-green block walls, and Gothic corner chairs flank an early 18th century English sideboard. An old Spanish chest studded with nailheads, a Portuguese chest of drawers, a Franklin stove and a metal "African dinner pail, I think," as Billy describes it, sit companionably cheek by jowl. There are English powder horns, papier-mâché horses, framed antique pony seals. There are an ivory-headed cane containing a horse-measuring stick marked in inches and hands, pewter plates, fat Mexican pottery birds, a balsa-wood decoy, a leather fire bucket. The antiques represent their various countries and centuries with a comfortable grace and no decorative discord.

"Bill Pahlmann can get by with putting more things together than I believe any other person could," Patsy says.

The breezeway and the porch overlook a 16-acre pond Billy Griffith put there. It is stocked with bream, bass and channel cats, which have already reached a good size, and on it float small green wooden structures exactly, from a distance, like the green wood Monopoly houses of the days before plastic set in. "Duck apartments," Billy says. "The dogs were bothering the nests along the banks, so I made these and floated them on inner tubes. Each one has four rooms, and they're all full of mallards."

Billy's little ranch is as big as he cares to have it get. He expects to have a sale next year and to keep the herd down to about its present size.

Since the present size is where he wants it, and since his handsome string of ponies has already won a tack room full of ribbons, Griffith is less than three years has built himself an entire daydream. There always seems to be somebody to prove it's true about Texans. **END**







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the Arrow Ban-Lon Par in a wide range of handsome colors at your Arrow retailer. Long-sleeves, 6.95; short-sleeves, 5.95.

—ARROW—

At the end of practice two days before the season, Tommy McDonald, the Eagles' Little Boy Wonderful flankerback (see cover), showered and dressed and headed his red convertible across Philadelphia to the Old Original Bookbinder's for lunch. "It's a great place," he said. "Stan Mussal eats there when he's in town. And Kirk Douglas. Sometimes we get together. Kirk's a great football fan. People say I look like him. Some say I look like Paul Newman. I've got to ask Kirk sometime if anybody ever tells him he looks like Tommy McDonald." As McDonald drove down Market Street, people called out to him and he responded genially. "Hey, Tommy, catch one for me Sunday, baby!" "Whattayasay, Tommeeee!" The simple crosstown drive became a one-car procession. Recognition was made less difficult by the cherry-red color of the convertible and the 72-point type on the door panels proclaiming TOMMY McDONALD, directly above a lesser plea for Phillies Cigars, which provides him the car and \$250 a week in return for small favors. He says the sign on the door makes him self-conscious.

"Have you seen the commercial I do for Phillies?" said McDonald, driving with two fingers and puffing jerkily on a Cheroot ("I never inhale"). "I'm on this great big pinto, in a cowboy suit. I advise everybody to go out and buy a cigar, and 'be sure and tell 'em Tommy McDonald sent you.' Then I ride off like crazy. People ask if it's really me riding that horse. I tell 'em yoadamnright. I'm from Albuquerque, New Mexico. I learned to ride a horse before I learned to catch a football."

His record as a cigar peddler on horseback is unavailable, but McDonald caught 64 passes last fall for 1,144 yards and 13 touchdowns, the best composite record in the National Football League. Twice an All-America back at Oklahoma, he has been used almost exclusively as a pass catcher during his six years as a pro. He has scored 51 touchdowns in all, some of his most brilliant coming in October 1959, when he played with a broken jaw. He scored four times against the New York Giants (once on an 81-yard punt return) and three weeks later made two more touchdowns and set up another with a 71-yard reception, as the Eagles, after trailing the then Chicago Cardinals 24-0, came back to win 28-24.

"I love to act, to perform," he said. "It's easy for me to get the right expression for a cameraman. You know, cocking an eyebrow the right way and all. There's a lot of acting to catching passes. Especially for a little guy like me. I roll my eyes and fake and feint and play possum. I think if I wasn't playing football I'd want to be an entertainer. I guess that's why I do some of the crazy things you read about. I enjoy breaking people up, making 'em laugh. This is a serious old world most of the time. One day after a game I came running into the dressing room yelling 'I'm in love, I'm in love!' and dived head first into a basket of dirty towels."

McDonald is without peer in the NFL for mock drownings in the whirlpool bath and for fanciful leaps and skids on the practice field. At Highland High in Albuquerque he had a magical way of producing ice cubes in the huddle.

continued



THE MAGNIFICENT SQUIRT

The Eagles' irrepressible Tommy McDonald runs pass patterns wrong, he is small and not really fast, but he is the pros' best pass catcher

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

His war whoops ("neeeeeeeeee!") were the delight of Norm Van Brocklin, ex-Eagle quarterback and now head coach of the Minnesota Vikings, who was also a frequent target of his snowballs in the shower room. This is all good clean fun to McDonald, and he is resentful when people take it otherwise. "It really gets my dandruff (sic) up when some writer says, 'Is Tommy McDonald a kook?' or 'Is Tommy McDonald flakey?'" Tommy McDonald says.

At Bookbinder's, a seafood emporium near the Delaware riverfront, the owner's son met McDonald at the door. "Hey, Tommyboy," he chirped. "Wait'll you see our new hostess. Just your type. Mmmmmmmmmmmh!" He turned off-handedly to Tommy's companion. "Oh, the dolls this guy comes in here with! A different one every time. And gorgeous. Gorgeous. I think he's better catching women than he is catching footballs." McDonald expressed only mild interest and punctiliously introduced his companion around. He sat down and ordered a shrimp cocktail, a shrimp salad sandwich and coffee. "I never seen this guy take a drink," said the owner's son. The owner came and said Stan Musial was in and that Tommy could catch him later at the game. McDonald said he hadn't been to a baseball game in two years but maybe he would, "just to see old Stanley."

McDonald talked about his hands. "Look at them," he said. "See this thumb? I lost the tip of it trying to take a motorbike up a high curb. Funny story. Dad wanted me to be a baseball player real bad. This was back in Roy, New Mexico, population about a thousand but a great little sports town. Anyway, my Dad figured I wasn't growing fast enough—I've been hearing that all my life—and said he'd buy me a motorbike if I'd stay in the eighth grade another year to be with kids my size. So I stayed back and got the bike, and blooey! there goes the thumb. I never did find a class where the boys were my size.

"I think catching passes is judgment, mostly. I've got good vision, good peripheral vision. I think sometimes I can see things the defensive back doesn't see. I watch for him to make his move—you've got to study the guys in this league—and if he's a fraction late compensating for mine, then I've got him beat. When you've got the jump, size doesn't matter.

"And I go for the ball, I don't wait for it to come to me. Vision and reaction. When I was a kid I'd lie on my back on the floor or in bed, throwing things up in the air—nails, pennies, rubber balls, anything. Then I'd close my eyes and try to catch them. Instead of passing

steps, do you?" said McDonald, returning to the convertible. He drove to the Eagles' offices for his allotment of Sunday game tickets, then to the Phillies factory where he checked the slick proof of his latest ad (McDonald peering from the middle of a pickup, eyes wide like Betty



McDONALD AND NEW WIFE PAT CHAY IN FRONT SEAT OF PHILLIES CONVERTIBLE

things at the table, we'd pitch them. Mom made us draw the line at mashed potatoes. The best thing, though, is a ping-pong ball. It does weird things. If you can catch a ping-pong ball you can catch anything."

The owner's son picked up the lunch-check. Teammates estimate that McDonald, with a ready roster of dining restaurateurs, can eat on 55 a week in Philadelphia.

"You don't mind if we make a few

Boop, a smile on his face and a cigar in his smile).

At his haberdasher's, McDonald outlined the virtues of his new black mohair jacket, the one without a lapel and with one pearl white button. "I've got one like it in rust color I wear to the Latin Casino," he said. "It's great for twisting. A lot of times I do the twist instead of knee bends when we're warming up before a game. Dad I tell you about the big brawl we had in Pittsburgh last year! All

of a sudden I'm squared off with this big guy—Ernie Stautner, it was. So I break into a twist, and so does he. Boy that really broke 'em up."

At a bank building, McDonald squeezed the convertible between a car and a truck—"See what I mean about good judgment?"—and told his companion he was about to meet Pat Gallagher, the future Mrs. McDonald. "We're getting married," he said. "Nobody knows it yet except us and Sonny [Jurgensen, the Eagles' present quarterback]. He's standing up for me. Her folks are Catholic and they don't approve. They're great and like me fine, but I'm divorced."

He sat, studying the steering wheel. "Everything has worked out so well," he said. "The people in this town are wonderful. There's a man I know, like Fiel. Half his head was shot away in the war and now he can barely talk. Comes to the games and they wheel him up on the sidelines. He wears my jersey with No. 25 and when I do something good he says, 'That's my boy.'" Tears beamed in McDonald's eyes. "Sometimes I can't understand my good fortune. 'Why me?' I ask myself. 'Why me?' It's bewildering."

That night at the ball game, when Musial came to bat, McDonald leaned to the edge of his seat. "Stanley!" he yelled. "Hey, Stan, Stanley! What's ya say we go to the Latin Casino tonight!"

The next day he and Pat Gallagher drove to Audubon, Pa. and got married.

There are, by reasonable estimate, three Tommy McDonalds—the Player, the Wing and the Man. Each is an appealing fellow. None of them has an enemy.

McDonald the Player is a blend of sheer talent and sheer gall. "You've got to stamp on the little squirt in the huddle like he was a Japanese beetle," says a teammate. "All he yells is 'Throw it to me, Sonny, throw it to me. I've got this guy beat.' If he had his way nobody else on the team would get a chance to catch the ball." McDonald is 5 feet 10, only 172 pounds but 150% confidence. "There are worlds of people with potential physical abilities greater than McDonald's," says Coach Bud Wilkinson of Oklahoma, for whom McDonald played three full seasons. "About his only real advantages are quickness and extraordinary determination."

"McDonald catches every ball that

hits his hands, and some he shouldn't catch," says Van Brocklin. "He's not the fastest, but when he comes out of his fake he comes out running, without losing a step." Van Brocklin used to ignore McDonald's pleas for attention in the huddle until that propitious moment when suggestion and circumstance were equal. "I used to have to shut him up; the other receivers were getting their noses out of joint. But he had a very high percentage of success on plays he brought back to the huddle."

With the emergence of his closest friend, Jurgensen, as Eagle quarterback, McDonald last year began to quiet down in the huddle. "I think he's finally got the word that one or two of us, myself included, disapprove of having two quarterbacks calling plays," says Ed Pete Retzlaff. He added with a laugh, "So what he does now is run back ahead of us and talk to Sonny before we get into the huddle."

There are two recognized ways to defend against McDonald: play him tight (close) and he'll run around you to make the catch. Play him loose (or deep) and he'll cut in front of you to make the catch. But when you are able to stick with him step for step, as Night Train Lane of the Lions sometimes does, and you have the predictable height advantage, then presto! he still makes the catch. He has the balance of a gymnast and as Tom Brookshier, the Eagles' All-Pro defensive back, says, "The little rat is strong as a bull." In an exhibition basketball game last winter, he picked up the 275-pound Jim Parker bodily and spun him over his shoulders, then set him down light as you please. He has never been critically hurt. "I relax," McDonald says, "when I'm hit by a guy I can't run over, which is most anybody in this league."

McDonald, however, is sometimes intrepid to a fault. He runs pass patterns as though he were exploring uncharted territory. On the sidelines Coach Nick Skorich blanches when he sees McDonald suddenly break a pattern. Compared with the exacting Retzlaff, McDonald doesn't run patterns at all. Often, in his great desire to catch the ball, he hooks into somebody else's ground when he is supposed to be acting as decoy. Van Brocklin found this distracting—"he made me throw interceptions"—but learned to take the occasional biter with the surfeit of sweet. Jurgensen says that

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McDONALD continued

it is all in getting used to him. "You've got to watch him close, learn to anticipate his moves." But this is something that not even Jurgensen can always do.

A second deficit, by some accounts, is McDonald's bent for ribbing defensive linemen. "He's a heckler," says Ben Scott, ex-Washington Redskin cornerback who now plays with the Eagles. "What's the matter, out of shape, Scott?" he'd say when he caught one on me. "Is that as hard as you can hit?" He made faces at me from the huddle. Last year Scott gave McDonald one of his worst days as a receiver—two completions—but in the next game with Washington, McDonald caught the winning touchdown pass in the final 16 seconds. As they came together in the end zone, McDonald loosed an indecorous "Haw, Haw!" Scott, naturally, jumped him.

McDonald the Man is often pensive and thoughtful and not the least irresponsible. His affluence is staggering: \$17,000 with the Eagles; endorsements and promotion money from Phillips and McGregor Sportswear; real estate holdings with his father, Clyde, in Albuquerque; directorship of an Oklahoma City suburban bank. He is very close to his family. The elder McDonalds and his brother Clyde Ray wore out three automobiles driving to Norman, Oklahoma, on football weekends to watch him play.

McDonald was small from birth, asthmatic as a child, but his father's athletic ambitions for his sons soon awakened in McDonald the great energy that has marked his young life. As a boy in Roy he would clomp around in the shoes of star athletes who visited the house. In class he would become so possessed with energy he would walk on his hands across the desks. "His teachers were very wise," says Mr. McDonald. "When they saw he was building up to a bursting point, they'd send him out on the basketball court to work it off." His father made him run to school and his mother made him eat his oatmeal "or get his jaws boxed." Church was a habit. He played basketball, baseball, ran track and was a football star from the time he was in junior high school. Mr. McDonald is convinced Tommy could have made the big leagues as a ballplayer. Clyde Ray, whose own athletic career was shortened by an auto accident, is

just as sure he could have been a pro basketball player. His football coach in Albuquerque said he was sure of only one thing concerning McDonald: he despised sitting on the bench.

At Oklahoma, McDonald was used principally as a running back. He also threw a good running pass and played defense. "He had too much talent for us to use him just to catch passes," said Bud Wilkinson. It was Wilkinson who first convinced McDonald he was big enough for the college game, and it was Wilkinson who suggested that the Eagles "use him properly. Get him out of harm's way, out on the flank, and he'll do fine." McDonald's respect for Wilkinson is awesome. "I kept my mouth shut around that man."

There have been few disappointments in the McDonald history. It reads like Tommy in Wonderland and the only thing that seems to add realism is his divorce. He married Miss Oklahoma, Ann Campbell, in 1957. They parted three years later.

McDonald has an abiding pride in his abilities, and a small man's complex about his failures. When he misses passes he becomes inordinately upset. "The only time I ever saw him cry was after a game we'd won when he didn't catch his share," says Van Brocklin. The day Scott held him to two completions, McDonald declared: "I'm washed up. I'm too old [he was 27]. Another afternoon like that and I'll retire." He is perplexed by slights, real or imaginary. When Dave Baker, an ex-Oklahoma teammate, fractured his jaw with an elbow swipe in a game in San Francisco three years ago, McDonald said in wonder, "I can't hardly believe Dave would do that . . . he's always been a good churchgoer." He still can't understand why the Albuquerque Letterman's Club passed him up as guest speaker in favor of Paul Hornung.

The fact is, of course, that slights rarely come his way. The other day he made a date to appear at Wanamaker's Department Store for the sale of his book, *They Pay Me to Catch Footballs*, but he forgot practice would carry him past the scheduled appearance. When he arrived, an hour late, he was still in uniform, dirty, unshaved, unbarbed. But he was there, just as he had promised. He made a little speech. He sold and autographed 141 books. He made some more money. He made a lot more friends. The store was jammed.

END



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Successful ploy by a master gamesman

Bus Mosbacher, skipper of the victorious America's Cup defender 'Weatherly,' tells how—and why—he ordered a surprising change of sails in the crucial fourth race

In the recently concluded America's Cup series there were three key decisions which cost the Australian boat her chances of being the first challenger ever to win the cup. In the first race *Gretel* lost out when precious minutes were wasted sailing on an unnecessary tack. Then, after winning the second race in the heavy winds which favored the Australians, they declined to race the next day, passing up not only a psychological edge over the shaken defenders but also a second afternoon of strong breezes to take a sound drubbing in a drifting match the following day. But it was a maneuver in the fourth race (*skipped at right*) that did the most to keep the cup in the United States. "If they had won that race they could have won the America's Cup," said the defending skipper, Bus Mosbacher of *Weatherly*. "We would have been two races each and psychologically even. *Gretel* is too fast and her crew were learning too much about her every day." The triangular course that day favored *Gretel*, whose superiority across and down the wind had been proven in her first victory. "We had them at the weather mark by 1:26," said Mosbacher, "but they cut that in half on the reach. Around the second mark it was apparent they were still gaining, and also climbing up to windward. They were obviously better than we were under spinnaker and we had to do something to stay ahead. So we set our genoa to be able to force them too high if they tried passing us to weather, and with the apparent wind so far ahead we didn't believe they would be able to get through to leeward of us.

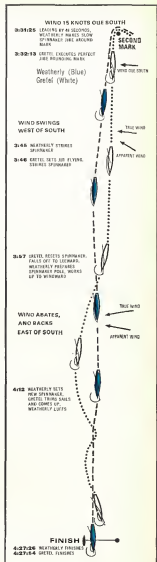
"When we switched sails, *Gretel* did

what I would have done, she followed suit, changing from spinnaker to jib, and began to lose the ground she had gained. But the wind abated and swung around behind, so 11 minutes later her crew finally reset the spinnaker and fell off to try to pass to leeward and also to avoid being forced too high to fetch the line. They were gaining again and it looked as if they might get through our lee, so we set a spinnaker again and sailed a course for the downwind end of the line to cut them off. They had to get back up, and they did, crossing our wake once, sagging down and coming back up again. Just as we came to the line, they were sitting there on our transom. Twenty-six seconds, that's too close for comfort."

Had *Gretel* carried her spinnaker the entire time she might very well have won. But from the challenger's point of view, the reason for changing sails was psychological, not tactical. "They made us douse the spinnaker," admitted Magnus Halvorsen, a member of *Gretel*'s afterguard. "They knew we couldn't make time under our genoa, so they made us use it. We thought they had gotten a wind shift forward. By the time we realized we had been tricked it was too late. We couldn't catch up, even with the chute. It was only 26 seconds—and we lost at least that much time in the 11 minutes we spent sailing the race their way."

Whatever the reasoning, the Mosbacher way was, as usual, the winning way. The incomparable American skipper proved once more that there is a lot more to match racing than having a fast boat.

END



Le crack Carry Back et le crack Jack

Last week we left happy Jack Price and his famous horse flying the Atlantic Ocean in search of adventure, cash and glory in Europe's most important race. Well, they have arrived and taken over the joint

If it was a mile-and-a-quarter race I'd say he should be even money against this field.

"He's so relaxed I wonder if he's flirting with a French filly while my men are out drinking champagne at night.

"He won the Monmouth Handicap on Bastille Day but lost the Suburban on the Fourth of July, so we figured he might like France better than America."

The speaker, of course, is portly, forthright Jack Price who is in France training his plucky brown colt Carry Back—or *le crack* Carry Back, as the French press calls him—for Sunday's Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe. This mile-and-a-half turf classic at Longchamp has earned the reputation over 40 years for being one of the most demanding among many great European races.

Jack and Katherine Price, Carry Back and his handlers Matt Reddy and Mike Flynn are already racing celebrities in France—a country where an owner with a good horse usually refuses to talk about it except to his close friends. French racing officials, being sportsmen of the old school, greeted the Price invasion with typical courtesy, though Price has occasionally felt that he might be getting a bum steer here and there and naturally spoke up and said so. "At first," says Katherine, "it wasn't that the French were giving us misinformation, it's just that they were giving us no information at all. They respect us and our horse, but they just don't want us to win."

A Frenchman who is not eager to see Carry Back win his country's most distinguished race seems natural enough. Despite this, the French racing press has covered the U.S. invaders as never before. Most racing writers in France never get to talk to an owner at all, and rarely do they bother to question a trainer, knowing perfectly well that it is usually a waste of time. However, they have discovered in the last fortnight that questioning Jack Price is anything but a waste of time. It is, as one of them put it, "*Quelle expérience!*"

Journeying out to the beautiful training-center village of Chantilly, where Carry Back spent his first 10 days as the guest of Trainer Alec Head, reporters were amazed at what they saw and heard. While Price was attempting to digest the financial page one morning last week, Carry Back was walking under a bright

continued

AT HOME AT CHANTILLY, Carry Back crops grass as Mike Flynn and Price look on.





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HORSE RACING — continued

blue Gulfstream Park cooler, and photographers were poking their lenses in every direction.

"Are you nervous about this race?" asked one reporter.

"Why should I be, when I run for \$100,000 every 10 days at home?" said Price. Officials got equally frank answers. When asked by the director of the training center whether his room at Chantilly's Hôtel du Parc was comfortable, Price fired off something he'd been saving up all week. "The hotel was so cold that first night that I slept with my clothes on," he said. "Things were so bad the second night that Katherine and I had to bundle to keep warm."

All the talk, however, was not light-hearted and funny. As Price put the finishing touches on Carry Back's training, everyone in French racing gave serious study to the American's chances. Most trainers weren't telling Price anything and he was just as glad. "Good trainers don't give you advice anyway," he noted. "It's the self-appointed experts who try to louse you up by telling you a mess of different things to do."

By the end of his second week in France the problems caused by unnecessary mismanagement were gradually disappearing. Carry Back was settling into an orderly routine. In fact, he had never looked so well, nor had he ever been so impressive in his work.

At Chantilly, Carry Back wore his U.S. shoes, but the continual traveling on concrete roads between stable and training area was wearing them down. It now seems likely that after some additional filing to make them virtually flat (as required on the French turf), Price will not bother to switch to French shoes. Running alone across the vast expanse of the Chantilly gallops, Carry Back amazed several French trainers by going so straight and true. "Usually a horse galloping alone for the first time here," said one trainer, "is so curious that he throws his head all over the place. This horse doesn't." With his long tail flying gracefully along behind him, Carry Back also adapted quickly to running over undulating ground.

The 4-year-old colt got his first look at a French track when officials gave Price special permission to break Carry Back from the webbed barrier and cover 2,100 meters (approximately a mile and five-sixteenths) on the beautiful Chantilly course itself. Neville Sellwood, the

brilliant 39-year-old Australian jockey who won this year's Epsom Derby on Larkspur, was riding him. Nobody, of course, knew how he would react to the mechanical barrier or the right-hand turn. When the barrier went up Carry Back reacted perfectly. "He got away quietly and relaxed, and from the first I could see he had lovely action," Sellwood said later. "We think of a good French horse as one who goes away quietly. We think of U.S. horses as speeding away too fast and using themselves up too quickly. On the turn Carry Back traveled extremely well. I think he's most adaptable. He's lively and full of spirit and seems a genuine little horse. I bet he doesn't know how to run badly."

Four days later, now stabled at Longchamp, Carry Back worked the Arc course itself. This time he was ridden by the other Aussie star, Scobie Breasley, who will handle him in the big race. He ran an unusually fast first mile and then tired noticeably in the stretch.

A field of stayers

For all his good manners, impressive works and enthusiastic rooters, Carry Back has a tremendous task ahead of him. Granted that the opposition is not as powerful as in some recent years, it is still not a field of paises as Jack Price often tends to picture it. There probably will be Aurelius, who won the 1961 St. Leger and Larkspur, and Surdi and Mexico from Italy. France's Match and Misti both are at home at this distance and Misti was third in last year's Arc. There is a possibility that the good fillies La Segs and Monade may be in there, too. The Arc field may lack a Ribot or even a Ballymoss but it is a field of mile-and-a-half horses. Carry Back has run that distance only once.

Surprisingly enough, whereas most American trainers give Carry Back little or no chance in the Arc, a large number of French trainers definitely do. François de Bignon, manager of the Marcel Boussac stable, says, "A horse who wins an American classic at a mile and a quarter should be able to do the same at a mile and a half here. Our pace is slower, and that is the difference."

All Carry Back has to do is win on grass for the first time, win at a mile and a half for the first time, and beat the best horses in Europe while carrying 132 pounds. Can he do it? Jack Price thinks so, of course. "Carry Back by five," he shouts. Carry Back among the first five, is more like it, I would think. **END**



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NEW RAGE TO WIN

continues from page 17

a waiver and gave up his scholarship when he quit the squad. "I should have known," he says, "but I didn't."

It is easy to assume that Bradshaw subtly coaxed the boys into signing, but the evidence is not all that way. Mike Minix had a two-hour chat with Bradshaw before signing. "The coach was pleasant throughout the interview," Minix said. "He wanted me to reconsider. He advised me to read the waiver carefully. I told him I wouldn't want the scholarship unless I was earning it. There was no pressure."

Nor is it justified to assume that all Bradshaw teaches is brutality. Jerry Woolam said, "I occasionally thought the coaches were overly enthusiastic. But eventually all these trials seemed to become irresistible challenges."

"Young people require a disciplined program," Bradshaw said. "If they don't

have it, they bob around like so many wood chips in the ocean, marking time, living a day-to-day existence. They have to learn to be dedicated and to develop direction."

One of Bradshaw's basic ideas is to get the players to push beyond their psychic control. He worked with Dr. O. B. Murphy of the American Medical Association to develop an intensive routine calculated to improve the players' concentration, reaction and strength. Dr. Murphy said, "We know the limits of fatigue can be pushed back through concentration. A player must constantly exert greater force than he believes himself capable of." Dr. Murphy feels that this self-dedication is responsible for the Kentucky squad's impressive strength and stamina gains. Rusty Payne, the Kentucky trainer, said, "For the first time that I can remember, we haven't had a broken finger or a wrist, and sprains and strains have almost disappeared."

Yet despite this genuine physical im-

provement and implied moral improvement, the only real, obvious and immediate goal is winning football games. Field-position football, which is what Bryant and Bradshaw play, requires a perfectly disciplined and perfectly conditioned team. The ideal player is one trained to a physical peak and a reflexive refinement that makes him respond, almost like an automaton, to any situation that arises on the field. Because of this, the player is wholly dominated by the coach and wholly dedicated to football.

If it sounds a bit totalitarian, it is. It is Total Football. And it pays off—perhaps not so much for the player as it does for the school and for the coach, who, after all, is evaluated on a stark and simple basis: he's a success if he wins and a failure if he loses. As one man said, "In Kentucky they play football for God, for the State of Kentucky and for the University. And incidentally for Charlie Bradshaw."

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1. GEORGIA TECH (9-0)
2. ALABAMA (8-0) 3. LSU (5-3-1)

It was a big weekend in the South for sophomore quarterbacks. Alabama's Joe Namath proved that his brilliant debut the week before was no fluke as he led the Crimson Tide to a 44-6 victory over Tulane in a game that was really little more than a field exercise. Namath completed six of seven passes for 98 yards and two touchdowns, scored one himself and then sat out the second half along with his first-string teammates, an uncommonly merciful gesture on the part of Coach Bear Bryant.

Rice, with its first two quarterbacks injured, had to fall back on young Walter McReynolds, but still tied favored LSU 6-6. Rice scored when McReynolds threw a screen pass for a 30-yard touchdown, then held on late in the game as LSU, with the score tied, threatened to win. With less than a minute to go, LSU's Danny LeBlanc caught a pass on the Rice 10-yard line, held-golf territory, but he fumbled. Rice recovered and settled happily for the tie.

Auburn handed Tennessee a 14-0 beat, then charged back to win 22-21, as Jimmy Sidle, a sophomore, naturally, completed passes up and down the field. With the score tied 21-21, Woody Woodall kicked the extra point, only to have it nullified by a

holding penalty. Moved back to the 25-yard line, Woodall coolly booted the ball through again for the win.

George Mira and Sonny Gibbs, two candidates for All-America at quarterback, had a passing duel, with Mira and Miami edging Gibbs and TCU 21-20. Mira scored one touchdown himself and passed for two others, while Gibbs threw a fourth-quarter touchdown pass. TCU gamely tried to run for a two-point conversion and victory but was stopped just short.

After meeting early resistance, Georgia Tech squashed Florida 17-0. Georgia, West Virginia and Clemson also scored shutouts, beating Vanderbilt, Virginia Tech and North Carolina State. Duke scored all its points in the second half to beat South Carolina 21-8 and Maryland yawned its way past Wake Forest 13-2.

THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. OHIO STATE (1-0)
2. PURDUE (3-0-0) 3. IOWA (1-0)

The Big Ten writhed in defeat and humiliation after a weekend of upsets. While Michigan State and Illinois were being downgraded in the West, Nebraska shocked Michigan 25-13 and Missouri held Kansas to a scoreless tie on home grounds.

At Ann Arbor, Fullback Thunder Thornton hammered his way to two touchdowns,



BACK OF THE WEEK: Oregon Halfback Mel Renfro (left) scored three touchdowns, two on runs of 38 and 39 yards, to help beat Utah. **LINEMAN OF THE WEEK:** Washington State End Hugh Campbell eluded Wyoming defenses to catch seven passes, score twice.

and Quarterback Dennis Claridge, leading Nebraska superbly, ran for another, but most credit for the upset belonged to a huge Cornhusker line that allowed Michigan Halfback Dave Ramey only 59 yards rushing. Twice Minnesota ground close enough to Missouri's goal line to smell the lime, but each time the Gophers were stopped on downs, once at the two, again at the one.

When the Big Ten did win, it won big. A crashing line led by End Floyd Webb and a pretty new "floater" offense enabled Iowa to beat Terry Baker and Oregon State 28-8. The Hawkeyes scored 21 points in the first 19½ minutes, and Matt Szycowky passed for three touchdowns. Ohio State so far outclassed North Carolina that Woody Hayes permitted the Buckeyes to dabble in double handoffs, unbalanced lines and 13 passes while winning 41-7. Clap-on-shoulder Indiana drew its 320th win in penalties in two

continued

games, Halfback Mary Woods scored two touchdowns and the Hoosiers beat **Cracanah** 26-6. Wisconsin Coach Milt Bruhn used all but two players, including some not on the roster, yet the Badgers still set a school record in dismantling **New Mexico State** 69-13.

Beyond 13-7, Oklahoma had a first and goal on the Notre Dame three with five minutes left. Into the line, twice, went 166-pound Halfback Jackie Cowan. Net gain: one yard. Bucking the line himself, 166-pound Quarterback Monte Deere picked up one more. "The Sooners' last try, an errant pylon, was recovered by Irishman Frank Mink on the 13 and Notre Dame won 13-7.

Colorado, coming down, met **Kansas State**, coming up, and barely maintained its social position, 6-0, as it stepped K-State four times inside the 10.

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. WASHINGTON (7-0) 2. STANFORD (7-0) 3. USC (6-0)

Maligned and downcast these past several years, West Coast football was suddenly virile and important. Not even the heavily misbegotten **Big Ten** escaped the new touch of affluence. **Stanford**, falling behind favored **Michigan State** 7-0 with its usual bumbling start, slowly began to look like a big-time team. The big, strong Stanford middle line crushed State's inside game, and when Coach Duffy Daugherty began sending his speed backs to the outside the Indians merely widened their six-man front and let the line-backers smash down the quick Spartans. On the attack, Quarterback Steve Thurlow speeded the State secondary with his passes, Stan Lindsay kicked a 24-yard field goal, sophomore John Payson sprinted 33 yards down the sidelines and Stanford won 16-13. Afterwards, even witty Coach Jack Cartice was curiously unfunny. With true coachly humility, he said, "We outbushled them."

Washington, with considerably less to contend with, gave its second- and third-stringers a workout as it whittled **Illinois** 28-7, while **Washington State** simply threw the ball to Hugh Campbell, a wiry All-American end, and let him beat **Wyoming** 21-13. With Quarterback Dale Matheson pitching, Campbell caught seven passes for 110 yards and two touchdowns, raised his career total to 1,769 yards for a new NCAA record. **California**, another improving West Coast, ran all over **San Jose State** 25-8.

Utah made the mistake of trying to run on **Oregon** to set up its passing game, but when the big, crackling Duck line took that away from the Redskins, they had nothing left—certainly nothing that could stop Oregon's flashy Mel Renfro, who played only 18 minutes and ran for three touchdowns in an easy 35-8 victory.

On this black day for Western AC teams, Brigham Young discovered somberly that Tailback Eldon Fortie, who gained 299 yards

running and passing, couldn't do it alone and lost to **George Washington** 13-12. Meanwhile, **Utah State**—still trying to impress its way into the WAC—trounced **Montana State U.** 43-20.

THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. PENN STATE (3-0) 2. ARMY (3-0) 3. BOSTON COLLEGE (3-0)

For a while last Saturday Penn State boosters were beginning to think that Coach Rip Engle's pessimism was warranted. Penn State led **Air Force** by only 7-6 as Quarterback Terry Isaacson, an elusive runner and fair enough passer, exerted considerable pressure on the Lion defense, and the Falcon defense, moving with the flow, contained State's runners. But Engle solved both problems at half time. He persuaded End Dave Robinson and Tackle Chuck Sieminski to crash in on Isaacson and put in a counter play, with Halfbacks Junior Powell and Roger Kochman carrying on an inside reverse. Result, the Falcons stopped flying and State took off with Quarterback Pete Liska passing to Kochman for two touchdowns and a 20-6 win.

Army and **Syracuse** closed out collegiate football in New York's Polo Grounds, which, in its day, had seen better games. Intimidated by Army's rough gang-sacking, Syracuse fumbled dreadfully, saw one recovery lead to a 20-yard field goal by Army's Dick Heydt, another to a 32-yard scoring pass from Quarterback Art Lewis to End Bobby Redell as Army won 9-2. Navy had a trying time with **William & Mary**, squeaking by 20-16 with a two-yard plunge by Halfback Pat Donnelly in the last quarter. **Boston College** was more impressive. Quarterback Jack Conannon bombed unsuspecting **Villanova** with a last-play 78-yard touchdown pass to Art Graham, whipped a 58-yarder to Jim Whalen and then scored on a five-yard run as the Eagles won 28-13. **Holy Cross** put together two long touchdown drives to turn back **Buffalo** 16-6, while

Boston U. was no match for **Kansas** and lost to the Jayhawkers 14-0.

Princeton, which had suffered at the hands of **Rutgers** in recent years, got even all at once. After falling behind 7-0, the talent-rich Tigers put their crunching single wing to work and won 15-7. Most Ivy League teams did as well in their openers. **Colorado** outlasted **Brown** 22-20, Dartmouth whipped **Massachusetts** 27-3, Harvard beat **Lough** 27-7, Yale defeated **Connecticut** 18-14, Penn held off **Lafayette** 13-11. But **Cornell**, still having troubles, lost to **Columbia** 23-12.

THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. TEXAS (3-0) 2. ARKANSAS (2-0) 3. NEW MEXICO (2-0)

It was not the best of all possible weeks for the old Southwest. While New Mexico State and TCU were being roughed up on the road, SMU and Baylor were getting more of the same at home. SMU made the mistake of kicking off to USC's Willie (The Weep) Brown, who scampered 92 yards for a touchdown. Understandably shaken, SMU nevertheless made a game of it during the first half, kicking a field goal and holding the Trojans to just one other touchdown. But in the second half USC took over and scored three times to win 33-3.

Baylor lost to **Pitt** 24-14 for the Panthers' first victory in Texas in nearly 50 years. Coach John Michelosen sent his fullbacks—Rick Leeson and John Tekesky—hammering into the Baylor line early in the game. When Baylor drew its defenses in, Halfback Ed Clark circled the flanks and the Panthers gained 353 yards rushing.

There had to be some Southwest victories, of course. Texas danced to a 34-0 win over **Texas Tech** and **Arkansas** beat **Toba** with equal ease 42-14. **Houston** worked harder for its 6-3 victory over **Texas A&M**, marching 80 yards in the waning moments for its touchdown. In the wildest game of the day, **New Mexico** beat **Arizona** 35-25.

SATURDAY'S TOUGH ONES

Georgia Tech over **LSU**. Talented Tech will do it with Billy Lott's passing.

Duke over **Florida**. Without a passer, the Gators have trouble scoring.

Miami over **Florida State**. * The Hurricanes attack too swiftly and too smartly for State.

Purdue over **Notre Dame**. Purdue passes better, runs faster and defends more nifty.

Kans over USC. With Big Ten prestige at stake, the Hawkeyes will outkick USC.

Minnesota over **Navy**. The Middies are in over their heads against Minnesota.

Nichigan over **Army**. The Wolverines will be nasty after their humbling by Nebraska.

Arkansas over **TCU**. The Frogs are too jumpy to keep up with the shippier Porkers.

Pitt over **California**. The Panthers are gathering strength and Cal could use a little.

Utah over **Wyoming**. The Cowboys can't seem to make both ends meet. Utah is tougher.

* *Probs. night games*

NIGHT GAMES

ALBANY OVER KENTUCKY
BOWLING GREEN OVER W. MICHIGAN
HARTLAND OVER N. CAROLINA STATE
NEBRASKA OVER IOWA STATE
OHIO STATE OVER UCLA
STANFORD OVER OREGON STATE
PENN STATE OVER RICE
TENNESSEE OVER MISSISSIPPI STATE
VILLANOVA OVER BUFFALO
VIRGINIA OVER VIRGINIA TECH

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS

12 RIGHT, 6 WRONG, 2 TIES
SEASON'S RECORD: 36-10-4

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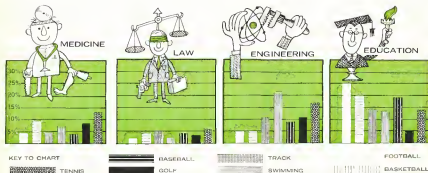
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SATURDAY'S HERO IS DOING FINE

The head of one of our leading universities explodes the myth of the "tramp athlete." He discovers that resounding—and astonishing—success is scored by varsity players as students and professional men, proving that sport and education go very well together

BY DR. EDWARD H. LITCHFIELD,

Chancellor of the University of Pittsburgh, with MYRON COPE



Soon after I became chancellor of the University of Pittsburgh in 1937, a rumor spread that I intended to de-emphasize varsity athletics. The suspicion arose from the fact that our admissions requirements, like those of some other universities, were becoming too exacting for many a halfback. As a number of superior athletes found themselves excluded, the public inferred that I was either indifferent or downright hostile to sports.

The city brooded. When, for example, I did not find time to attend basketball games I was described as a basketball hater. Such suspicions did not abate until approximately a year later, and then only after I had invited Pittsburgh sportswriters to lunch and emphatically

assured them that I not only enjoyed athletics but, more to the point, I believed superior athletes were, as a breed, not incongenial to a scholarly atmosphere. I felt reasonably confident that most athletes regard college as more than a place to sojourn in lieu of going directly from high school to work.

But impressions are one thing and documentation another, so I found my curiosity aroused when officials in our athletic department recently embarked upon a survey the like of which no college, so far as we know, had ever undertaken. They simply asked themselves: what becomes of college athletes after they have had their education? Coaches, to be sure, have tiresomely assured us

that athletic grants enable young men to make something of their lives. But have there not been a good many failures, too, among the muscular youth we have made room for in our classrooms? The coaches do not tell us, nor indeed do they know.

Nettled by the absence of hard data in this realm, Assistant Athletic Director J. Clyde Barton set out to discover what had become of Pitt's athletes. He spent more than a year tracing the whereabouts of 1,678 Pitt lettermen, whose performances in our colors date from the year 1900 to 1960. To each man Barton sent a rather detailed questionnaire, and from fully 1,391, or 83%—among them physicians, physicists and millionaires,

police, factory workers and even a few unemployed—he received answers. Those answers are revealing and—for those who consign athletes to stereotypes—perhaps even astonishing. They are especially pertinent today, when antagonists of aid to athletes quite properly have brought their arguments up to date by asking:

First, in view of disclosures of scandalous collusion between college basketball players and professional gamblers, can anyone continue to insist that intercollegiate sports build character? And

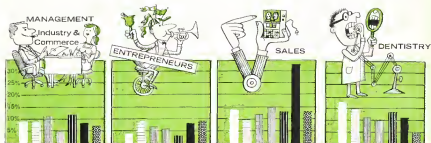
changed—that gulf can be viewed no more innocently in the athletic department than in the academic halls. At this moment Pitt, Penn State and Syracuse universities—all long-standing rivals on the field—are taking steps to see that the responsibility for maintaining sanity and integrity in our sports programs will lie directly with the heads of each institution. I shall explain these steps presently.

Meanwhile, returning to our survey, it may be said that, judging from the 1,391 data cards on file in Clyde Barton's of-

has drawn more heavily on these athletes than has Pitt.

Still, our survey shows that no less than 517 men—or 37% of the cases in our files—have gone beyond their baccalaureates to earn advanced degrees. And remember, the great bulk of our lettermen matriculated prior to the current emphasis on graduate work. Moreover, it is noteworthy that, although our campus has had a Phi Beta Kappa chapter only nine years, keys have been awarded to seven athletes, including our young freshman football coach, Bill Kaliden.

Charts by Janet Pines



The vast majority of Pitt athletes have succeeded in the right professions charted above, a remarkable record in itself. Golfers, perhaps not surprisingly, because rulemen, and there is a clear affinity between football and dentistry. Only 2% of former lettermen have gone into coaching, of whom three-quarters are also teachers.

secondly, in times of population explosion that crowds our classrooms, of unrelieved international tension that demands strength of purpose, and of breathtaking search for knowledge, can colleges afford to be distracted by such fribble as Saturday afternoon's big game?

I say they can, for the values of sport, intensively played, are not incidental.

We at Pitt award our athletes grants in aid, and we go home from our stadium a good deal happier when we have beaten Penn State than when, as in the past two dark football seasons, we have not. We cannot insist with utter certainty that the course we have chosen is the right one, but we pursue it as honestly as we know how, aware that times have

changed, the start we have given our athletes does have every appearance of having been worthwhile. Our data, for one thing, explodes with surprising force the myth that athletes generally could not care less about their studies. Over the years Pitt has been particularly sensitive to this general misapprehension, for there exists a veritable repertoire of trite jokes about college athletes recruited from our own western Pennsylvania coal and steel region, the popular insinuation being that such boys, for all their mesomorphic references, are rather dull. So attentively do the nation's football scouts comb the region that many like to say they carry United Mine Workers cards, and no college, I am sure,

The bare statistics, of course, do not begin to describe the brilliance with which so many of our lettermen have pursued their careers. Statistics do not explain that while Peanut Lewis, a pugnacious guard on our 1930 Rose Bowl team, may have dislodged a few teeth from the mouths of opposing linemen, he has more than atoned by pioneering new techniques in lower denture prosthesis; that Harry Colmery, a former Pitt baseball player, is referred to as the chief architect of the G.I. Bill of Rights; that Len Monheim, a sprinter, is internationally renowned for his innovations in anesthesiology. One might add that Doctors E. T. Lewis and Leonard M. Monheim, though frequently lecturing

continued

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abroad, also enjoy scouting and recruiting for our coaches. If they do not answer to the description of the effusively infantile alumnus recruiter, perhaps it is the stereotype that is suspect.

Insofar as occupations serve as rough indicators of success, we judge that the incidence of success—both pecuniary and ennobling—among Pitt athletes has been remarkably high. I wish I could say I am not surprised. I should like to be able to dismiss such findings with the explanation that these men were, after all, recruited within the bounds of the university's highest scholarly aspirations and therefore could be expected to make the most of their education. To be perfectly factual, however, such was not always the case.

For almost 40 years, from the turn of the century until 1939, Pitt football teams were regarded almost perennially as national powerhouses, a distinction achieved partly by the gifted coaching of such men as Colonel Joe Thompson, Pop Warner and Jack Sutherland, and occasionally by the unsophisticated recruiting practices so prevalent in those decades. I am advised by Athletic Director Frank Carver, who has been with Pitt since 1927, that for a clinical study of recruiting practices these were supposed to have soiled the character of many American youths, veteran viewers-with-alarm may find it convenient to examine our history.

Far back in 1903, for example, our university felt mortified to have been defeated two straight years by the football team of little Geneva College. Football in those days seldom made much money at the box office but many colleges recruited passionately, simply because they found defeat unbearable. In the wake of our losses to Geneva, corrective action was deemed imperative and there seemed only one surefire way of seeing to it that we beat Geneva the next year. We took it.

We bared to our campus most of the Geneva players and the following season, 1904, defeated Geneva 30-0. During the balance of the decade Pitt football teams lost only 13 of 71 games. Now what sort of boys were they, do you suppose, that could be proselyted so frivo-

iously? Because many of them have passed on, we were able to trace only 17. Of that number, four were physicians, five dentists, two attorneys and one a Ph.D.

Today the player who transfers to another college is immediately labeled a tramp athlete, but the epithet actually derives from the first 15 years of the century, when husky young men made non-careers of attending colleges, traveling

leaship to carry him through Cornell

Dolly Dallenbach, you see, is Dr. Karl M. Dallenbach, a psychologist who in his spectacles and Vandyke beard looks every bit the part. He has won international acclaim for his research in such subjects as attention, special orientation of the blind and cutaneous sensation. At the University of Texas he planned and directed an experimental psychology program that has been acclaimed one of the world's finest. In 1961 he received—along with Scotty Reston of the *New York Times* and Harold Boeschenslein, president of the Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corporation—a University of Illinois Achievement Award. So much for Dolly Dallenbach, tramp athlete, almost as coarse a product of Pitt's tramp footballers as William S. McEllroy, who went on to become dean of our medical school, and Bowman F. Ashe, who became president of the University of Miami.

Throughout the Roaring '20s and well into the Depression '30s Pitt people enjoyed having their teams trounce their opposition, the community felt a sense of pride in seeing Pitt go to the Rose Bowl, not once but four times. I do not know in specific terms how such success was managed, but I am given an inkling by the questionnaire returned to us by Robert H. Hoel, vice-president of a Chicago industrial concern. On a line marked Scholarship Aid, Bob Hoel, a 1932-34 tackle, wrote: "Going rate at the time."

Unhappily, in 1937, the university received a black eye which ultimately led to a prolonged period of de-emphasis in athletics and from which Pitt did not recover for many years. Pitt's '37 football squad, invited to the Rose Bowl, demanded that the university provide each player with \$100 entertainment money. The university refused, knowing full well its refusal would mean the loss of \$100,000 in Rose Bowl receipts, and thus the team remained home on New Year's Day. One may well imagine the notoriety Pitt received in the nation's press. Even allowing that the commercial tone of intercollegiate football had contributed to our players' attitude, no one could condone their behavior. But have-

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from one to another and sometimes playing as many as eight years of college football. Our 1901 squad—undefeated, untied and unscored-upon (282 points to none)—was looked upon as the last word in career football. Playing guard on that team was a burly young man called Dolly Dallenbach, to whom alarmed educators of the day may well have pointed as a typically distressing example of the athletic system. Dolly Dallenbach contributed his services to both Pitt and the University of Illinois as a football player, heavyweight wrestler and hammer thrower. He also attended Cornell, though he did not compete in athletics at that time. "I wanted to," he explains, "but Cornell felt they could not get away with it." As it happened, however, he had a graduate fel-



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SATURDAY'S HERO *continued*

ing recognized that, one must look beyond and see what has become of the mercenaries on our \$100 squad. Did the system demoralize them?

Well, Howard Jackman, for one, is executive secretary of a Cleveland Y.M.C.A. George Musulin, formerly in military intelligence, fought with Mihailovic in Yugoslavia during the war and there helped set up the underground that smuggled out our flyers. Bante Dalle Tezze, captain of a tank company, died heroically in the Normandy breakthrough. Emil Narick is assistant general counsel for the United Steelworkers of America and is a member of our board of trustees. John T. Dickinson is an outstanding ear, nose and throat surgeon. Mad Marshall Goldberg, the most famous player on the squad and indeed probably the finest football player in Pitt history, is general manager of the Emerman Machinery Corporation, Chicago. John Michelson is Pitt's head football coach. All told, that '37 squad, which might well have been held up as an example of all that is bad in the world of recruited athletes, went on to achieve such a degree of success, both in variety of fields and in level of attainment, that any university head would be content to see an entire graduation class do proportionately as well.

Certainly I am not making the point that commercialization of young athletes fosters successful living. I only suspect that such conditions, which may have been an unavoidable growing-up phase in intercollegiate athletics, did not warp the participants. The bygone era laid great stress on competition—on winning, if you will. Now we must get on to a sensible adjustment; rather than tar to the present the feathers blowing around from the past, we must preserve the old competitive values while conducting our sports programs in the light of contemporary academic standards.

To begin with, Irwin Shaw once wrote a vivid sheet story—*The Eighty-Yard Run*—about a frustrated, pathetic former college football star who, cast into the world and soon parted from his fame, could not adjust to life's long haul. The theme is suggested again in the person of Tennessee Williams' Brick, the bri-

ter figure in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, and I have no doubt such portraits exist in fact as well as in fiction. Yet if the former athletes among Pitt alumni are typical—and there is every reason to believe they are—one need not worry that the athlete, having lost his prominence as quickly as he had won it, finds life desolate. Surely no tragedy can be written from the life of All-America Tackle Ave. Daniell (1936), major owner and executive vice-president of the General Ionics Corporation, nor from that of All-America Center Herb Stein (1920), who owns eight businesses. ("It took me seven years to get through college," says Stein. "Not smart, that's all. But I was German stubborn, and I learned in football that you can lick almost anybody or anything if you go hard enough.")

Nor need we commiserate with a tackle named Lou Mervis, who would have made All-America but for a mean trick of fate. Back in 1918 Walter Camp traveled to Pittsburgh to scout possible nominees to his All-America team. Mervis' performance favorably impressed Camp, but unfortunately Mervis that day was wearing a teammate's uniform number and as a result Camp selected the teammate to his All-America team. Lou Mervis, however, seems not to have suffered from bitterness. Immensely successful in real-estate investments and as an amalgamator of industries, he more or less commutes around the world these days. Or as Clyde Burton put it while plucking Mervis' card from his files: "Missing out on All-America did not seem to make any appreciable difference in his ability to cash in."

I am tempted, secondly, to toy with the conclusion that it may be true, as coaches unhesitatingly claim, that the competitive nature of sports—and particularly the fierce thirst for victory found in so-called big-time, high-pressure intercollegiate sports—helps equip the athlete to get along in later life. Indeed, as an educator, I am almost reluctant to admit that among our lettermen who did not bother to earn even a bachelor's degree are a number who have made their way smartly. Kenneth G. Coburn, to name only one, is supervising

research metallurgist for the Armco Steel Corporation research center.

Of course the danger in surveys, particularly surveys that produce hoped-for results, is that one may sing oneself to sleep with a lyrical recital of glittering case histories. Yet no accumulation of data can alter the fact that the atmosphere in intercollegiate sports has its rancid pockets. For one thing, although varsity teams serve as a cohesive force that unites alumni and fosters institutional tradition, they seem to inspire too little loyalty among the athletes themselves. One checks the latest list of contributors to Pitt's annual Alumni Giving Fund and is dismayed to find less than 180 former athletes among the many thousands of donors. I am afraid the lesson indicated is that those who receive too frequently do not learn how to give.

Meanwhile, if cynicism and self-interest persist among many of today's athletes, the colleges themselves must be in large measure at fault. As the head of a university which has decided that a vigorous athletic program is on the whole desirable, I am particularly sensitive to the reminder, heard so frequently in the wake of the 1961 basketball scandals, that chancellors and presidents cannot possibly divorce themselves from responsibility for the conditions that breed scandals.

As the University of Pittsburgh reaches for new academic peaks, we should dread to have our progress blackened by scandals of any nature. Accordingly, in a memorandum set forth on August 24, 1959 I wrote: "The administration is instructed by the Board [of Trustees] to adhere strictly to both the letter and the spirit of the regulations of the several intercollegiate athletic organizations of which we are a part and also to the objectives of the accrediting academic organizations without whose clear approval we cannot maintain our academic position. It is the Board's desire that the University not merely conform but that it assume constructive leadership in this regard."

At the same time we adopted a reorganization under which our athletic department was knitted tightly into our education structure (lest it operate as an island unto itself) and the director of athletics instructed to report his programs

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directly to me. He was further told: "Intercollegiate athletic contests are scheduled only with institutions whose philosophy of physical education corresponds to that of the University and whose educational standards are similar to ours."

Hearty resolutions contained in memorandums are, of course, as pointless as a speech delivered in a clothes closet, unless conscientiously followed through. Toward that end, Pitt, Penn State and Syracuse universities—all major "independents" that schedule one another—have undertaken a series of reforms which, we believe, will jar our sports programs into the realities of current university life.

The first step, formalized last April, is the abolition of red-shirting—that is the practice of withholding an athlete from competition during his sophomore year in order to prolong his eligibility to the peak of his physical maturity. At a time

when many students are cutting their undergraduate period from four to three years by taking on heavy workloads or, as at Pitt, by pursuing trimester programs, red-shirted athletes are directed by their coaches to spread their studies over five years. Surely this constitutes a brazen intrusion on the academic process. West Virginia University, a common opponent from the Southern Conference, enthusiastically joined us in abolishing red-shirting. Other colleges, too, have shunned the practice, and the Ivy League and the Big Ten have specifically prohibited it.

Very shortly our three universities expect to formalize two additional steps. Again following the example of the Big Ten, we plan to quit scheduling games for our freshman teams. The current hard pace of studies gives the freshman quite enough to do just staying in college.

Our third measure, which we hope will establish a pattern for a national crackdown on the cheap deceptions by which winning teams often are recruited and held together, goes right to the heart of the contention that college heads must bear responsibility. It is simply this: at regular intervals each institution will draw up complete academic records for each of its athletes—from the freshman class through the senior class—and submit those records directly to the heads of the rival universities. Thus in the office of Chancellor William P. Tolley of Syracuse and in that of President Eric A. Walker of Penn State, the records of Pitt athletes will be scrutinized. If we have been found to have admitted an unqualified freshman or to have played a varsity athlete who is not meeting in every respect the requirements applied to non-athletes, Chancellor Tolley and President Walker will act. They will not merely tell me to get that boy out of there. They will

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say: "Chancellor Litchfield, at the expiration of the series of games for which we have contracted, we shall play Pitt no more."

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It is no light matter to commit ourselves to such procedure, for one false step by, say, Pitt or Penn State will result in the termination of a popular Pennsylvania athletic rivalry that goes back to 1893. (One can almost hear now the furor in the state legislature, upon which both State and our own privately endowed institution rely for millions each year.) Why not, then, be satisfied with the conscientious and surprisingly effective police work of the National Collegiate Athletic Association? Principally because in the end such reliance is nothing more than abdication of responsibility.

Already we detect results from our efforts. In recent years the football staffs of Pitt and Penn State have grouched loudly, one insinuating that the other has recruited unqualified students. This year we have not heard a peep.

Still, opponents of highly competitive sport may well ask of us, "Really, is it worth all the trouble it's putting you to? And is it worth the risk of scandals?"

We at Pitt think so, even knowing from personal experience the proximity of those who cause scandals. (Two of our own basketball players reported having been offered bribes, and their exemplary response resulted in the prompt conviction of the would-be briber.) To the question of whether our sports program is worth the trouble and risk, our answer—again borrowing from the memorandum of 1959—is this: "Intercollegiate competition provides a dramatic illustration of sports competence and thus helps to develop an interest in sports activities of a personal and intra-institutional character. This, plus the competitive drive which is encouraged and the institutional loyalty which is engendered, provides the rationale for intercollegiate contests."

Unfortunately, in the minds of some athletes and their parents, the rationale for intercollegiate sports seems to be only that they enable a young man to acquire a "name" and therefore a springboard to success in business or in the professions. I suspect the advantages of publicity are

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SATURDAY'S HERO

exaggerated, but, in any case, as I return to the facts of our survey I am heartened to learn that our athletes have by no means overlooked humanitarian and spiritual vocations. Despite the absence of divinity studies in Pitt's curriculum, 13 of our lettermen have gone on to the ministry. Others include an executive of the Red Cross, a manager of a society for the improvement of the poor and an executive director of a philanthropic foundation. Almost directly from the glamour of a packed-to-capacity stadium, a lanky halfback named Chuck Reinhold has gone to the Ethiopian jungles as a missionary; Sam Haddad, a line-man whose Syrian extraction earned him the nickname Camel Driver, turns up in the Middle East and in Latin America directing labor education under our foreign aid program. In the research sciences we find Pitt athletes at work as microbiologists, meteorologists, geologists, and metallurgists—as physicists, chemists and psychologists.

Nonetheless, to parents who regard athletics as a stepping-stone to monetary success, I would risk one word of advice: forget the advantage of publicity and raise your son, sir, to be a student manager. Make of him a busy creature who tends equipment, packs trunks, counts heads on the road, compiles statistics for the coach and answers to every organizational emergency. Unlike our athletes, none of our managers is to be found among the clergy or in government and few have entered education. Our managers, largely, are men who make money. They range all the way from Frank Scott, business agent for professional baseball and football stars, to the director of marketing for the Union Carbide Plastics Company (a division of Union Carbide Chemical), to a retired president of Talon, Inc. (buttons, zippers, etc.).

It seems only logical that student managers should become members of the managerial society, then what destiny would logic reserve for pugilists? For a brief period in the less genteel '30s Pitt had a varsity boxing team. Well after we dropped the sport, colleges by the dozens began abandoning it, generally on the grounds that it ex-

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pressed a brutality that had no place in college life. As a matter of curiosity, then, one looks to see what has become of the brutes who passed through Pitt's fleeting experience in boxing. We are able to trace 24. Fourteen hold advanced degrees. Among that number is Herbert J. Cummings, director of the foreign service division of the U.S. Department of Commerce. And for those who enjoy picking on eggheads, we offer from our boxing ranks, of all places, a chap who defected from the faculty of a West Coast university to live behind the Iron Curtain.

There emerges from our study a titillating relationship between the violent spirit and the probing, often creative mind. We leave it entirely to experts on human behavior to interpret the fact that time and again our survey informs us that men notorious for their uncouth conduct in contact sports have addressed themselves to scientific and cultural challenges. As the head of a university that is sweepingly expanding its campus, I am in constant discussion with Patrick J. Cusick Jr., executive director of the Pittsburgh Regional Planning Association. A key implementer of the city's prodigious renaissance, Cusick is regarded as one of the most imaginative and dynamic city planners in the nation, yet as I watch him chart the future of a metropolis I am amused to recall that a) Pitt dropped the sport of hockey after a brief trial marked by constant violence and that b) Defenseman Pat Cusick, always the first to join a brawl, seemed to possess a talent not for rebuilding a city, but rather for destroying the inhabitants thereof.

Enigmas aside, one of the most striking results of the Pitt study is the variety of occupations pursued by our lettermen. An expected prevalence of coaches among them has not materialized. Only 8% are coaches or athletic administrators, and of that number three-fourths double as teacher-coaches. While delighted that our athletes have not gravitated into a homogeneous lump, we do not look down on the coaching profession; in it we find not only men who have achieved national prominence but, more importantly, lesser-known men who have demonstrated

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a singular dedication to athletics that cannot help but freshen the atmosphere in sport. Of the nonathlete who finds it difficult to comprehend the attraction that sport has for grown men, we might ask: why did Johnny Chickenneo, the shaggy, bow-legged quarterback of Pitt's celebrated 1938 Dream Backfield, abandon a burgeoning career as a high-salaried petroleum engineer to become a high school football coach? When he might have otherwise held an executive's chair in the oil industry, Chickenneo today provides excellent guidance to the youth of Highland Park, Ill.

What motivates the strange behavior of Edward J. Hirschberg, a large, rumpiled man who owns two radio stations, much real estate, a large retail establishment, eight racehorses and a gentleman's farm? Each day in the fall, at about 3 o'clock, Eddie Hirschberg drives to the campus of Carnegie Tech. There he changes into sweatshirt and football knickers and marches onto the practice field, where he is known as head coach of Tech's amonpure, sometimes scrawny but always spirited football squad.

Are such men merely pursuing lost youth? Taking into account their obvious intelligence, perhaps a better explanation is one Hirschberg offers. "In a sense," he says, "I'm trying to overcome intellectualism. I'm trying to make my players realize they need something more in life than their intellects. Youth today has so much classroom ability, so much mental capacity, and yet often no confidence. I believe football gives these boys the courage and confidence that enable them to direct themselves."

As we review the good ends to which Pitt lettermen have come, we have, of course, no way of knowing how many of these men would have lacked the means to enter college had it not been for the practice of granting aid to athletes. Yet we suspect the percentage of needy athletes was great—indeed, probably a majority. Old hands in our athletic department remember them coming from the mining towns and the mill towns and the city slums. From the nearby steel city of Youngstown, Ohio came Joe Deutchess. His father dead, he had quit school in

continued

STATEMENTS REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 21, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1915, JULY 2, 1945 AND JANUARY 1, 1960 (15 U.S.C. 806-808), CONCERNING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF SECURITIES REGISTERED, published weekly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 8, 1962.

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5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required by the act of June 11, 1962 to be included in all statements regardless of frequency of issue.) 1,011,600.

(Signed) J. Richard Moore
Business Manager

Signed and submitted before me this 15th day of September, 1962.

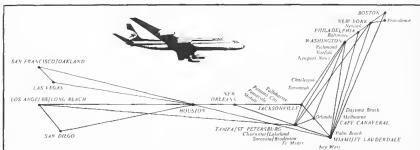
(Seal) (Signed) May Jane Glickman
(My commission expires March 30, 1963.)



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the sixth grade, had worked four years and become an electrician. But one day a prep school offered him an athletic grant. And still later another athletic grant put him in Pitt. At 165 pounds Joe Donchess became an All-America end (1929) and today is chief surgeon of U.S. Steel's Gary works and subsidiary plants. "If it had not been for Pitt's athletic aid," says Dr. Joe Donchess, "I would not have gotten near a university."

Everett (Speed) Utterback, son of a Kentucky Negro bricklayer, wandered north in the late 1920s seeking opportunity. In New York City he worked as a redcap in the Pennsylvania Station and sometimes as a dining car waiter. After making the New York-to-Altoona run one day, his dining car was lopped off the return trip because of mechanical difficulties. Finding himself only 100 miles from Pittsburgh, Utterback decided to look up Pitt Track Coach Frank Shea and plead for a college education. He won the IC4A broad jump championship two straight years and today is general counsel and deputy administrator of the Pittsburgh Housing Authority. Similarly, a Negro halfback named Jimmy Joe Robinson, son of a chauffeur, tells us he would not have been exposed to higher education had it not been for an athletic grant. He later became pastor of the Brotherhood United Presbyterian Church, Wichita, Kans.—a church which, with a congregation that is 75% white, is said to be the only appreciably integrated church in Kansas.

One could go on citing distinguished beneficiaries of the sports system, yet how would that prove that assistance to athletes serves a legitimate function on a college campus? Obviously there is no proof. But this much we know from our survey to be fact: the overwhelming majority of our lettermen have made something of themselves. They are, in the end, our best argument for vigorous intercollegiate athletics and our best reminder that we now must give nothing less than a 100% effort to see that our sports programs are not discredited and perhaps even destroyed by those misguided few among us who have no respect for the rules.

END

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19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

LITTLE MAN Sirs:

This is really an open letter to Mr. Ford Frick. Recently Maury Wills failed to break a record solely because of an artificially imposed game limit set by you. This is the most unfair and illogical dictum that has ever come out of your office.

Baseball has long been the national sport of America, but such unpopular and irrational rules and regulations imposed by yourself and the owners are steadily lessening the ranks of fans. Records are part of every sport, but in no sport, save baseball, are they so sacrosanct that they cannot be taken on their face value.

Football has increased the length of its season, but do the records of passes, completions, catches, yardage, points carry asterisks for the increase of games? What about basketball and points scored? Do track records show the fact of better equipment and fields on broken records? Baseball isn't even consistent with existing records. Why doesn't the strikeout record show how many innings Feller pitched and demand that the record be broken in the same number? This is ridiculous! Why? You consider the whole season? Then why not in stolen bases?

Even Ty Cobb's record should be carrying an asterisk. He didn't set the record, Mr. Frick, in 154 games, but in 156, as you will know, but no one has bothered to worry about it before because it was the season that counted! Then, please, why isn't the whole season considered here?

Records are the result of stellar performances on the part of athletes in a game, series or season of any sport. The tingling tension of such effort should come strictly from the record itself, and not from the artificial barriers erected by men who have nothing to do with the unfolding drama.

Mr. Frick, I recognize your authority in presenting an orderly program of games for the enjoyment of the public, but neither you nor I nor anyone has anything to say about Ty Cobb's record. Only one little, amazing man, inching off first base, holds the final word on that record. Watch him intently with the rest of us, Mr. Frick, and don't say anything unless you want to join with us in yelling, "Go, Go, Go, Maury!"

FR. MICHEL GAONIER, OFM

PHOENIX, ARIZ.

BIG FIGHT Sirs:

O.K.? Now that that fiasco in Chicago is over let's cut out all of these silly stories

like: *How I Lost To Samell Violets*, by Primo Camera. Next time around, let's talk about the fighter and his capabilities, not about his inner tensions and whether or not he was lynched by his first-grade teacher.

F. N. HOWE

LYNHAVEN, VA.

THAT'S MY BOY Sirs:

I am a senior in high school now. And have played football for three years. I was reading your 19th Hole (Sept. 17) when I came across a reply from a man in Toledo.

I must say that he is entirely right about parents and football supporters who have sons on the team. Parents are always pressing the football players to win. And pretty soon it won't be a game at all.

It's going to be the point that a father will be ashamed of his son for something his son has done in a "pressure football game."

JOHN MATAU

ELMA, WASH.

LOVE THAT WOODY Sirs:

When Woody Hayes (You Love Woody or Hate Him, Sept. 24) first came to Ohio State, I was a senior there and I well remember the reaction on campus when he lost his first game: by the time we walked from the stadium to Fraternity Row on Fifteenth Avenue, someone had erected on a temporarily vacant lot a huge tombstone bearing this epitaph:

Here Lies Woody
1951-1951

At the time I was heartily in accord with the sentiment, because of Hayes's determination to force his style upon the lettermen returning from a magnificent single-wing team, headed by Vic Janowicz. Roy Terrell is correct in saying that Woody hasn't changed, but people around him have, and I am happy to cast my vote with Woody's growing host of admirers.

NORMAN C. ROETTER

FORT LAUDERDALE, FLA.

THE GREATEST Sirs:

An article on the greatest college football players of all time (Sept. 24) that does not include George Wilson of the University of Washington (1922-1925) is like an article of the greatest baseball players of all time that does not include Ty Cobb or Babe Ruth.

Ernie Nevers might possibly have been the greatest but, if so, his margin over

George Wilson was very, very slight. This is not hearsay. I played against them

ROBERT T. MAUTZ

Portland, Ore

• This magazine welcomes an opinion from a former Oregon right end who is a pretty fair candidate for football immortality himself.—ED.

VOCABULARY DRILL

Sirs:

Upon reading the University of Michigan corner in your college football issue (Sept. 24) I was deeply humiliated at being called a "Spartan," but amazed at your inaccuracy in an area you should know well, namely the Big Ten. In case it has somehow slipped your collective minds, our not too friendly neighbors to the north—Michigan State—are known as Spartans in most sections of this land and we here in Ann Arbor pride ourselves in being Wolverines.

DAVE ANDREWS
The Michigan Daily

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sirs:

Spartans—Bah! Huanbug!

Wolverines—God bless us every one!

BARBARA KRAUSE BENBURY

Rockford, Mich.

Sirs:

A wolverine, according to my Webster's, is a "stocky flesh-eating mammal with thick fur, and closely related to the European glutton." In addition it is becoming quite rare in the State of Michigan—almost extinct, you might say, around here anyway.

THOMAS A. DUTCH

East Lansing, Mich.

Sirs:

I have never missed reading your fine magazine but one thing has got to stop!

Each year you write heavily of the 500-mile grind at the brickyard at "Indy." *Never* does anyone in Indianapolis use the term "Indy."

Now you've done it again! The new minor league football team doesn't have an entry in "Indy." There ain't no such place!

GEORGE LEWIS

Barrington, Ill.

SPLIT SECRET

Sirs:

Regarding the article *The Big Golf Secret* (Sept. 24), one comment, I believe, is worth putting on paper. It concerns only a sudden-death playoff. The paying customer has already seen 72 holes of golf which he paid for. An extra hole is an added climax which he can witness without paying any extra money. Therefore I do not feel consideration of the public reaction is a primary factor.

HARRY L. ROBINSON

Minneapolis

Continued

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18TH HOLE *continued*

Sirs:

Let's get one thing straight: professional golf is not a game, but a business to which a great many men devote their time and energies to earn a livelihood. When two or more players can wind up with exactly the same number of strokes for 72 holes of golf they have won the first- and second-place money, and how they dispose of it is nobody's business but their own. The playoff is solely for the sake of determining who will take the title and carry home whatever pieces of bro-a-brac go with it.

The proof of this is that no playoff is required on ties for third or fourth place or any other position in the tournament. When three players are tied for third place the third-, fourth- and fifth-place money is pooled and divided equally among the three players even though these three players might have just one stroke more than the players tied for first place. I don't hear any screams of anguish or see any crocodile tears shed over this accepted practice, so why should the splitting of first- and second-place money be any different? Let's be consistent and demand no splitting of prize money and require that all ties be played off even if it is only for 35th position.

So far as the sudden-death playoff is concerned, they might just as well flip a coin or draw cards to determine the winner, because the final outcome is determined by luck—either good or bad.

LLOYD HEAD

Panna, Mich.

OLE MISS BARS

Sirs:

I fully realize that special issues of your magazine are set up in advance, so that at the time the Sept. 24 cover was planned you did not know of the trouble that would occur at the University of Mississippi. However, by using a bit of prudence you might have assumed that there would be some trouble when a Negro would try to enroll at some segregated southern college. In the past your magazine has been fair in the handling of news in the sports field. I can only suppose that you selected this cover to make amends for a recent article about Ole Miss in which you criticized the school—and rightly so—for their anti-Negro feeling.

RALPH HURD

San Francisco

Sirs:

Sports are not above morals or politics, and national publicity should not be given the Confederate flag. Even if you're only showing Mississippi cheerleaders, millions of Americans are offended by the display of Stars and Bars on your Sept. 24 cover.

MILTON SCHWARTZ

Flushing, N.Y.

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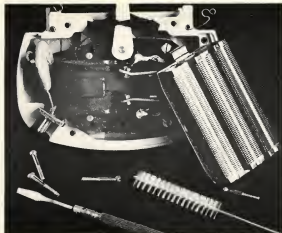
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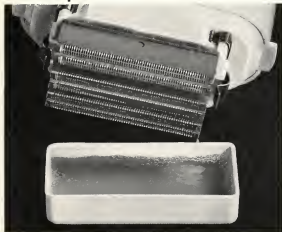


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POINT OF FACT

A World Series quiz to test the memory and increase the knowledge of fans and armchair experts

7 None of the first 16 pinch hitters in the World Series came through with a hit. Who was the first to succeed?

• Ira Thomas of the Tigers singled in the opening game of the 1908 Series. It was four years and 24 pinch hitters later before another player, Moose McCormack of the Giants, hit safely in the fourth game in 1912.

7 What is Pat Dougherty famous for?

• Left Fielder Dougherty, playing for the Red Sox in the 1903 Series, was the first player to hit two home runs in the same game (second game). No one equaled this feat until Harry Hooper of the Red Sox hit two in the fifth game of the 1915 World Series, 67 years later.

7 Who has the most stolen bases?

• Eddie Collins, playing in six Series for the Athletics and White Sox, leads with 14.

7 Two players are tied for the most steals in one Series. Who are they?

• Honus Wagner stole six bases for the Pirates in seven games in 1909 to equal the record set in five games in 1907 by 33-year-old Shorty Stagle of the Cubs.

7 What team has the best percentage for games and Series won?

• The Red Sox, who have won 24 of 38 games (.632) and five of six Series (.833). The Yankees are second in both categories: 92-54 (.630) and 19 of 26 (.731).

7 In 1923 the Giants won only two games, both on late-inning home runs by a 34-year-old center fielder. Who was this slugger?

• Casey Stengel.

7 Why was the fifth game of the 1918 Series delayed one hour?

• The Cubs and Red Sox went on a sit-down strike in a vain attempt to get a larger cut of the gate receipts.

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YESTERDAY

Pepper Puts on a Show

A brash Cardinal rookie upset the A's when he ran wild on the bases in the 1931 World Series

by JOHN DURANT

General Manager Branch Rickey's cigar took an extra whiff when a bench-warming outfielder stormed into his office one June afternoon in 1931 and shouted, "You play me or trade me. I wasn't made to sit on no bench."

The speaker was John Leonard (Pepper) Martin—a 27-year-old rookie who had been bouncing around in the minors since 1923. Of mediocre ability, the squat, barrel-chested Martin was as fast as a quarter horse and was always keyed up, always trying. Knowing this, and perhaps moved by the brash rookie's eloquence, Rickey made room for him in center field. That year, drawing down \$4,500, Martin played 123 games, hit an even .300 and provided the spark that helped the Cardinals win their second straight pennant.

Although the Cardinals were a sound, well-balanced ball club, they were rated far below Connie Mack's dazzling Philadelphia Athletics, the American League leaders for the third consecutive year. World champions the two previous years, the A's had run away from the Yankees in 1931, finishing 13½ games in front. The year before the A's had walloped the Cardinals four games to two in the World Series and now, with virtually the same club, Mack was seeking a record third straight Series win. Most experts thought he would have little trouble as the two teams took the field at Sportsman's Park, St. Louis, on October 1.

As expected the Athletics won, with Lefty Grove (31-4) pitching, but not before Martin had let them know that it was going to be his party. On his first trip to the plate he slashed a double off the right-field wall, followed it up with two singles and made a belly-sliding steal of second.

continued

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Pepper Puts on a Show *continued*

"Let me run on that Cochrane," Martin pleaded to Manager Gabby Street after the game. The next day he did run and in such a reckless manner that he had the entire Athletics team dizzy. In the second inning he stretched a single into a double, arriving head first at second, then a moment later broke for third and beat Catcher Mickey Cochrane's rifle throw in a swirl of dust. On a fly to center Martin came home with the first Cardinal run. In the seventh inning he singled, stole second, took third on an infield out, and again hurled himself across the plate as the pitcher, fielding a squeeze bunt, threw frantically to Cochrane. The pair of runs made by the Wild Horse of the Osage that afternoon were the only two scored in the game.

No longer was Martin a comparatively unknown rookie. Even the Philadelphia fans cheered him as he hit a single and a double and scored two runs in a 5-2 Cardinal victory in the third game at Shibe Park.

"The World Series being played this year between the Philadelphia Athletics and Pepper Martin of Temple, Okla.," wrote H. I. Phillips in the New York Sun after the fourth game, "resulted in a victory for the Athletics yesterday, 3 to 0." The Cardinals got only two hits, both of which came from the bat of Martin—a single and double. For good measure he stole another base. Martin was now hitting .643, surpassing Babe Ruth's four-game Series record of .625, made in 1928.

No player had ever before staged such a one-man show or had so upset an opposing team in a World Series. Hitting, stealing, bluffing steals, snagging flies on the run, the grimy-uniformed Martin electrified the fans and gave the A's a fine case of jitters. In the fifth game, although nipped by Cochrane for the first time on an attempted steal, Martin beat out a bunt in the fourth inning, smashed a homer in the sixth and singled in the eighth. He brought in four of the Cards' five runs to give them a 3-2 lead in the Series. At this point the ubiquitous Martin had made 12 hits in 18 times at bat for a .667 average.

Martin was held hitless in the last two games, but he did steal another base that led to a run in the final game (Grove had won the sixth game easily). And in the ninth inning, with the tying runs on base, he made a spectacular one-handed catch for the last out to save the game and the World Series for the Cardinals. **END**

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